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COL. HENRY L. STIMSON has returned from Nicaragua much pleased with the success of his efforts to obtain peace there by the device of threatening the use of the American army and navy if arms were not grounded by both sides—a device the more interesting because it was only a few weeks ago that our Government announced that it had sold $217,718 worth of rifles and munitions to the puppet President of Nicaragua. Incidentally the United States is now paying ten dollars a weapon for all the guns that the Liberals are turning in. Col. Stimson dwelt with horror upon the fiendish character of the warfare, declaring that women and children were not spared, that most of the wounded died from neglect, and that often no prisoners were taken at all. Well, that sounds familiar to us, but apparently he has forgotten the dispatches of ten years ago. Did not women and children perish wherever men fought in Europe? Is it not known that prisoners were murdered without number on both sides? Does he remember that Lt. Gen. Robert L. Bullard, one of our chief commanders, wrote in his memoirs: "The French authorities decline to see or speak of it, but the Moroccan division were in the habit of giving no quarter in battle; did not trouble themselves with prisoners," and then added that at Soissons the Americans "loaned" these Moroccans "some German prisoners"? War is the devil's work everywhere.

WORD TRICKLES OUT of Washington that another reduction in taxes is planned at the next session of Congress, and like that of two years ago it will be for the well-to-do only. Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, who is a handy man for the Administration on Capitol Hill, recently emerged from the Presidential presence with the news that the expected surplus of revenue for 1928 would justify lopping off $300,000,000 in taxes. As outlined by Senator Reed the program of revision is as follows:

> Reduction of the corporation tax from 13½ per cent to 12½ per cent.
>
> Reduction of surtaxes on incomes between $30,000 and $75,000.
>
> Reduction of maximum surtaxes to 10 per cent.
>
> Repeal of some of the "nuisance taxes," including club dues and admission taxes.
>
> Repeal of the inheritance taxes.

All of these reductions will benefit chiefly, if not exclusively, the well-to-do. The so-called "nuisance taxes" are in fact not such at all. The admission and club taxes are among the soundest we have and fall on persons well able to bear them. The phrase "nuisance tax," like the word "jaywalker," is a skilful bit of propaganda used to discredit something intrinsically justifiable. "In my opinion there ought to be no reduction of the rates on small incomes," said Senator Reed. "The exemptions are high enough and there seems no necessity for further reductions in the rates or increase in the exceptions." Unwisely frank, we call that. Secretary Mellon can do better. We look for him to explain that while the proposed reductions *apparently* favor the well-to-do, they will *in practice* be chiefly beneficial to the person of small income.

STRAW VOTES may or may not show how the political wind blows, but at least they supply entertaining material for speculation between elections. The Publishers' Autocaster Service, which furnishes news matter to country newspapers, is already at work on the Presidential campaign of 1928 and reports the result of a recent poll as showing Calvin Coolidge to be the favorite candidate among Republicans and Governor Smith of New York the leading contender among Democrats. The poll covered twenty-nine States and brought out a total of 362,210 votes. More interesting, though, than the sentiment in favor of "Cal" and "Al"—which has long been apparent—is the closeness to President Coolidge of ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois. Mr. Coolidge received 87,176 votes, with 8,390 persons voting for him as second choice. Mr. Lowden received 80,066 votes as first choice and 12,546 as a second pick. Probably his strong showing was due—partly at least—to the fact that the poll was largely in agricultural communities. Next in popularity among Republican voters were Senator Borah,

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Vice-President Dawes, and Secretary Hoover, with 14,525, 9,938, and 8,445 votes respectively. Among Democrats Governor Smith received 53,751 first-choice votes and 10,890 seconds, while Senator Reed of Missouri was next in line, 41,185 persons putting him first and a still larger number, 42,160, indicating him as a second preference. W. G. McAdoo received 37,245 votes, Governor Ritchie of Maryland 26,113, and Governor Donahey of Ohio 3,766.

IN OUR ISSUE OF MAY 18 we printed, for the use of our readers, a petition to the Governor of Massachusetts urging a commission to revise the evidence submitted at the original trial of Sacco and Vanzetti. There were left blanks for eight signatures and we asked that signed petitions be mailed back to us. It is surely an evidence of the widespread popular interest in this case that we have received to date no fewer than 1,552 signatures from all over the country. They continue to come in by every mail. Among the petitions returned to us were some from the Naval Academy, from Harvard, Smith, Brown, Cornell, Clark, Michigan, the University of Iowa, and the University of Minnesota. One came from employees of a branch post office in New York City, another was signed by five physicians resident in Cleveland, while a third came from a former naval officer and four members of his family. From Westminster College in Pennsylvania came one return with a letter stating that of the five hundred students enrolled there is not one who would not gladly sign this petition.

BENNIE SMITH is an organizer for the Brotherhood of Pullman Porters. Until recently he was making his headquarters at Jacksonville, Florida. Life went smoothly for Smith until he was recognized by a Pullman official named Webb connected, appropriately enough, with the company's welfare work in behalf of safety. Then things began to happen. Various porters were cross-examined about this organizer. One porter brought him a warning from the company's district superintendent—so he said—to leave town. Mr. Smith stuck. On May 18 two detectives ordered him to appear the next day in court charged with the crime of selling the *Messenger*, a Negro magazine, now the organ of the Brotherhood, which they said the white folks didn't like. The detectives served no warrant and on legal advice the organizer did not appear. Instead he sought to get an interview with the police judge to explain his errand and get protection. The judge said he had no sympathy with him. Other porters brought more urgent warnings. His very life, they said, was in peril. Still Mr. Smith stuck. On May 26 he was arrested on a blanket charge. Newspaper dispatches said that District Superintendent Cooper would appear against him. Again he was offered a chance to leave town. This time on orders from his national organization he left. The Brotherhood chiefs explained that they wanted to take no chance on another Jacksonville lynching. Thus Florida does her bit to save from the impious hands of a Negro labor organization those sacred institutions, white supremacy and Pullman profits.

AN ARMY OF 5,000,000 is Mussolini's latest goal. It may be that he will have little trouble in attaining his desideratum, for much that this prince of dictators wants comes into being with the waving of his wand of power. "Today, May 26," he announced in a speech in the Italian Chamber, "we bury solemnly all the lies of universal democratic suffrage." At the end of the year, the Chamber of Deputies will be transformed into an organ of the corporative state. Members will be elected by the national corporations created under the Charter of Labor, instead of by direct vote of the people. Thus Mussolini has not only destroyed all political opposition to himself and his party but he is about to make it impossible for such opposition ever to arise. Of course "ever" is a long time, even for a prince of dictators. When he says "My successor is not born yet," when he announces that he had thought his task of creating a united state would be finished in five years but that now he knows it will take at least fifteen, he deals in words only, and he knows it. But his pronunciamento about a huge army is concrete and dangerous. Italy playing with the toys of despotism, thriving or not thriving under the most rigid suppression a nation has known in modern times, is less an international matter than Italy armed and ready for war. An army cannot be maintained for long without an excuse for its existence; it is far too expensive. Is Europe going to be an "armed camp" again, only a decade after the close of the war to end war?

PRESIDENT MACHADO OF CUBA recently visited this country and was received with the greatest honors in Washington and elsewhere, although the most startling charges in regard to his treatment of labor have been published against him, as well as assertions that there has been a deliberate campaign of persecution and murder against the labor-union leaders in his country. Chester M. Wright, English-Language Secretary of the Pan-American Federation of Labor, charges that 124 trade unions in Cuba in existence a year ago have either been destroyed or reduced to complete impotence and that he personally "established approximately one hundred cases of assassination and disappearance, nearly all of them officers or leaders of trade unions." While he was here, President Machado made public statements that Cuba had been rendered safe for American capital, that American investors were welcome, and that they would be treated like Cubans. He did not deny that he had been accused of being a ruthless dictator, but declared that the measures he had taken were necessary to the welfare of his republic, adding that there would never be another revolution in Cuba. Apparently his subservience to the Government and the capitalists of the United States was complete; yet curiously enough it has leaked out in the press that when in Washington he told the Government that there must be some modification of the Platt Amendment and he has repeated this statement since his return to Cuba. So strong is the anti-American feeling in Latin America that even this dictator is compelled to demand the breaking of some of the political ties that bind Cuba to the United States.

A NOTABLE ACT OF LEGISLATION is now definitely upon our statute-books by reason of a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in upholding the validity of the Virginia sterilization law. The court's decision was written by the most beloved of the justices, Oliver Wendell Holmes, who declares that States are not only within their rights in passing such legislation but that they are wise in making it possible to prevent imbeciles or degenerates bringing offspring into the world. The power is an extremely dangerous one and so Justice Holmes dwells upon the provisions of the Virginia law intended to prevent a misuse

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of this power. In a number of the States laws like this have already been passed, and it cannot be denied that they have been in response to a growing demand for something of this kind. But, if the proceeding is not profoundly safeguarded, terrible wrongs to individuals may ensue. It is reported that in California alone 635 insane people have been sterilized. But who can ever be certain that sanity may not be restored? Remarkable cures do take place and persons recover their wits long after their cases seemed hopeless. Obviously every possible protection must be thrown about this procedure lest it become not an advance, but a weapon of mischief, cruelty, and perhaps even revenge.

DURING THIS PERIOD when the public is so justly critical of the legal profession and court procedure, it will do no harm to add one trifling bit of evidence. At a meeting of the American Bar Association, held in Milwaukee in 1912, the following resolution was adopted:

> Resolved, That as it has never been contemplated that members of the colored race should become members of this association, the several local councils are directed that, if at any time any of them should recommend a person of the colored race for membership, they shall accompany the recommendation with a statement of the fact that he is of such race.

The American Bar Association is a lawyers' guild or trade union. It has no social aspects. The personal contacts of its members consist solely of meetings called for consideration of professional problems. Of course, the constitution of the association does not bar Negroes. In fact, a few colored men were admitted about the time this resolution was passed. Many white lawyers decline election to the association as long as this restriction is on the books. Why not apologize for its enactment, expunge it from the records, and abolish a discrimination ordinarily condemned by the leaders of the bar when practiced by labor unions, as well as other groups, against colored citizens?

THE STATE OF CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE and communal enlightenment in Amherst, seat of the Alma Mater of John W. Burgess, Frank M. Goodnow, Munroe Smith, Harlan F. Stone, Dwight W. Morrow, Calvin Coolidge, and other eminent barristers and jurists, has just been revealed by two news notes in the Amherst *Record* for May 18, 1927, which read as follows:

> Judge Webster Thayer of Worcester recently called on his daughter, Mrs. Warren S. Gault, in Amherst. As a representative of the dignity and integrity of the judicial system of Massachusetts Judge Thayer commands respect and admiration in Amherst.

> The Smith College soviet, alias the Hampshire County Progressive Club, held a meeting in John M. Greene Hall in Northampton Thursday evening. The hall was crowded. The speaker was Clarence S. Darrow, who has devoted the greater part of his life to saving assassins from paying the penalty of their crimes. He is best known as the man who saved the lives of Leopold and Loeb, Chicago youths, who committed one of the most fiendish crimes ever known. Their parents were very wealthy. At Northampton Mr. Darrow's theme was education as a preventive of crime. His audience, though not on trial for their lives, was aroused to a frenzy of enthusiasm. When Jesse Pomeroy is freed he may be able to accept lecture engagements. Then the Smith College soviet could listen to the other side.

"I Am Charles Lindbergh"

THE happiest feature of the country's acclaim of Captain Lindbergh is that for once, everybody, of every shade of opinion, can agree. There is no room for dissent. A marvelous achievement was accomplished in a faultless manner by a young American who embodies within himself the finest American characteristics. The only discordant note comes from certain militarists in Washington, who dolefully warn us that America's isolation is at an end, that the sea is no longer a rampart of defense. Everybody else has rejoiced, not merely because it was an American who achieved the impossible, but also because there was an international aspect to the feat. Ambassador Herrick may exaggerate when he declares that Captain Lindbergh has wiped out all the ill-will which has existed in France against us, but there can be no question that he has rendered an enormous service to both nations. The fears that a success would hurt French feelings have been proved baseless. No welcome could have been freer from envy or hurt pride, none could have been more cordial, more spontaneous, or more overwhelming than that given by the French Government and people to the young man who stepped out of his airplane and said simply: "I am Charles Lindbergh."

Equally gratifying has been the bearing of the hero. A skilled diplomat could not have done better. His turning over to the orphans and widows of French aviators the 150,000 francs given for a gold cup; his call on Mme Nungesser; his toast to France as the land of the greatest number of great aviators; his acclaim of the veteran Louis Blériot as his master; his tactful speech to the Chamber of Deputies—all these reveal an old head upon young shoulders over a warm and sympathetic heart. Moreover, his refusal to consider the offers made to him for public appearances, which would make him a millionaire overnight, is in the best tradition. When he declared that he had never thought of money in connection with his exploit, he taught the youth of his country a finer lesson than he did by the courage and fortitude of his flight toward the sun. In an hour when public emphasis is so largely upon things purely material, it is glorious to find a youth who can remain a modest gentleman seeking no undue reward and can keep his head in the face of the greatest applause and fame ever given to a single individual.

That he will remain unspoiled is our devout wish—one has only to recall how the "hero of Santiago," Captain Hobson, lost his head in 1898, to realize what might have happened. The Government and the rest of us should help him to maintain his balance and his modesty by not overdoing the honors everyone wishes to bestow upon him. We are sure he had rather come home by steamer than be convoyed by a flotilla of destroyers. The ordeal of official receptions can hold no charms for him who stole away in Paris to put on overalls and overhaul his plane himself. Let us not ask the impossible of Charles Lindbergh, and let us, as we are sure he would wish, remember that he was not the first to cross the Atlantic. We must not forget the extraordinary skill and gallantry of John Alcock and Arthur W. Brown, two British gentlemen and soldiers, who first crossed from Newfoundland to Ireland by air, in 1919. America can best show her pride and gratitude by refusing to spoil one who, we sincerely hope, will always remain one of her finest assets.

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Governments, Spying, and Propaganda

WITH governments as too often with individuals the deadly sin lies in being found out. That is what caused such excitement in Washington some weeks ago when it appeared that important and revealing documents of our embassy and its military attaché had found their way into the hands of the Mexican Government. So, in London, a Cabinet which was looking for an excuse to break off relations with the Soviets has made skilful use of the familiar fact that the Russians, in violation of their trade agreement, were engaged in propaganda in Great Britain. Mr. Baldwin charges that they bought stolen documents, which is probable—all governments do it—but the sensational raid on Arcos House did not produce any stolen documents, and the information about revolutionary activities was a pathetic fizzle. One Russian had a two-year-old list of addresses of Communist offices in Canada and the United States—which might have been obtained from a telephone book—and of well-known Communist sympathizers; another Russian official who was not supposed to engage in propaganda asked Moscow for more data on British atrocities in China. Another seized document established the falsity of Russian statements—which nobody ever believed—that Borodin was not a Soviet agent.

All this proves that the Soviet Government is no pure, white-winged angel. Like other governments, its agents lie, suborn theft, and violate solemn agreements. As propagandists for a new and theoretically better world order their actions have stood in their own way. Their business was to make a success of Communism at home—if they could—and leave others to their way of life. Instead the Russians have aided revolution where they could, notably in Germany. The result is that they are looked upon with suspicion everywhere and have now lost their trade and political arrangements with England. Whatever else this is, it is not statesmanship.

When all is said and done, however, all governments spy upon each other and steal each other's documents, as Lloyd George frankly stated in the debate in the Commons on May 25. They do not, of course, often seek to overthrow another government, as Mr. Wilson set out to overthrow Huerta and as he tore down the governments of Haiti and Santo Domingo. The fact is that while the United States Government swears friendship to Great Britain, its army and navy staffs are forever working on plans for war with our former ally, and we maintain in London, Paris, and every other capital military and naval attachés who are nothing but recognized spies, sent there for the purpose of discovering, by fair means or foul, everything they can about the military and naval secrets of the country to which they are assigned. The stolen British War Office document is not an isolated incident. On May 24 it was announced in Vienna that two employees of the Austrian Foreign Office had sold important documents to Russia and other countries. It appears that a systematic traffic in the secret papers of the Foreign Office had been going on for a long time; exact copies being offered to every legation in Vienna. The Soviet attaché when arrested possessed the complete correspondence of Austria with England, France, and Italy concerning their joint defense against Bolshevik propaganda. It is also stated that the purchase by French officials of certain Austrian documents was revealed by Premier Poincaré himself. On the same day a Lithuanian general, Kleszinski, was arrested in the act of selling a secret military document to a Russian.

Few Americans will, we suppose, remember that an officer of the United States army, Captain Henry D. Borup, was hastily recalled from Paris in 1892 because in his capacity as American military attaché he was publicly charged not only with buying French military secrets but reselling them to the German and Italian governments "for a consideration." The latter charge was apparently not sustained; for the other, Captain Borup's defense was that all he had done was "absolutely within my legitimate duties as a military attaché of the United States Legation toward a friendly Power." In this he was defended by the London *Times*, which is now so outraged by the Soviets' doing the same thing. It wrote: "Captain Borup was entitled, *even bound*, to obtain documents for the benefit of his own country and government. . . . A case similar to that of Captain Borup is spoken of as having occurred at St. Petersburg. In that case the attaché was recalled by his government, but he was afterward appointed to a higher post." Capt. Borup remained on the army rolls until he died. Why?

A dispatch to the New York *Times* defending him declared in these words that this was a universal American practice, officially sanctioned:

> The United States officers who are sent out under what is now known as the Division of Military Information are allowed something like $50 a month to buy documents and plans which may be offered for sale. This sum will not go very far toward securing valuable material anywhere, at home or abroad. . . . He had at his disposal on his personal account some funds which, it is thought, he must have used.

Plainly Captain Borup's only offense was that he got caught. So did the English official who, Premier Baldwin declares, was found to be selling secrets to Russians and so apparently did the British lieutenant commander who now languishes in prison awaiting trial for selling submarine plans and secrets to an as yet unnamed foreign Power. It is a nasty, despicable business, unworthy and reprehensible, but every government indulges in it, and it will continue as long as the war system, with its lying, deceit, and chicanery, is retained.

As for the Russian propaganda, we should like once more to state our position about it. It is physically impossible for any country to exclude such things as the Communist matter originating in Russia. It is impossible to build walls against ideas. Ideas can be fought only with ideas and false assumptions or theories combated with correct ones. The United States, in which the Communist movement is negligible, has nothing to fear from revolutionary doctrines as long as the government is honest, devoted to the people, and just. If the bulk of our people believe the United States is living up to its ideals, nothing on earth can endanger its institutions. The dangerous enemies are within. They are those who pervert American liberties, who would enthrone special privilege and class government in favor of the rich and powerful, who sneer at democracy and openly cry for a dictator.

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For Recreation Read the Best

THE four months from May 15 to September 15 are commonly dismissed as dead months so far as the business of books is concerned. Authors groan when their publishers tell them that the biography or the novel which was scheduled for April has been put off until June. The reviewers will be out of town, they say; readers of all classes will be on vacation from the routine of literature as well as from the routine of life; hence their handiwork will be still-born. And in large measure their fears are justified. The publishing world has thus far devised no way of preventing that summer slump which is the curse of so many trades. Or at any rate it has accepted the notion that the slump is necessary, and ceases late in the spring to put forth energetic efforts at supplying the public with important new titles. By the beginning of June, the assumption is, the best of the current offerings will have been selected by critics and readers; and the hope is, no doubt, that a portion of the public will resolve to get that selection read before fall if time and weather favor. Then will come the autumn flood.

The whole question is one that might be gone into with something like the thoroughness of the examination now being made in the London *Nation and Athenaeum* by John Keynes, Michael Sadleir, Stanley Unwin, Basil Blackwell and others, of the British situation with respect to books. Something is wrong, they all more or less agree, with the British public which buys books; it does not buy enough of them, or it buys the wrong ones, or it depends too much on circulating libraries, or it is too seldom made the subject of diligent study by those having to do with the circulation of literature—publishers, agents, booksellers, critics, and perhaps authors themselves. The storm of argument aroused here in the United States by the Literary Guild and the Book-of-the-Month Club is evidence that we have our problems too. And it is plain that we are very far from having saturated our public with good reading matter. The sales of occasional volumes are amazingly large, and there must be those who feel that we have decidedly too many books as it is; but the fact is that the majority of Americans never hear of the best books at all save through accident, and indeed are not prompted, from one year's end to another, to remember that literature is a thing which constantly is in a process of being created.

What, then, to do about the summer? The first thing is to realize that summer is an excellent season for reading, and to recognize that a great many persons do avail themselves of it. We should like to see figures on the numbers and kinds of books consumed in the United States between May and September. We think they would be surprisingly large; and we suspect that they would show an overwhelming preference not for new books at all, or at any rate for light ones, but for classics to which the busy winter has given no decent opportunity, or to long and serious books of the passing year which need leisure for perusal. We suggest to publishers that summer is the season for reprints of famous books, however old—books that citizens are ashamed of never having read. And we recommend that they by no means cease in June to push important titles. Here even is a slogan: "For recreation read the best. You can't forget yourself with a poor book. Forget yourself with one that is worth the price."

Looking Toward Peace

WHEN Aristide Briand, the French Foreign Minister, said last spring that France would be glad to agree with the United States to settle mutual disputes by arbitration and to renounce recourse to war, surprisingly little attention was paid to the suggestion at first, but it has recently crystallized in two definite proposals. The American Foundation, established by Edward W. Bok, has given to the press the draft of a general treaty for the settlement of all international disputes through conciliation, through arbitration by the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague, or otherwise, or through judicial settlement by the Permanent Court of International Justice (World Court). Almost simultaneously, James T. Shotwell of the Carnegie Endowment has made public the draft of an arbitration treaty that could be entered into between the United States and France or any other nation. Mr. Shotwell was assisted in drafting this treaty by Professor J. P. Chamberlain of Columbia University. The proposal has the indorsement of Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University.

While drawn in response to Premier Briand's suggestion, the Shotwell treaty is not limited to France. It is hoped that it may serve also for agreements with Great Britain, Japan, Germany, Italy, and other countries. Its appearance at this hour is especially timely because the Bryan arbitration treaties—with France, Great Britain, and Japan—all expire next year and new agreements are desirable if the movement toward international peace is to continue. The draft treaty of Messrs. Shotwell and Chamberlain is for the most part a combination of the principles and machinery of the Bryan treaties and of those negotiated at Locarno in 1925 between representatives of France, Germany, Belgium, Great Britain, Italy, Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia.

The first article of the proposed treaty renounces war as a means of settling disputes although with some qualifications. The stipulation shall not apply, says Article 2, in the case of "the exercise of the right of legitimate defense, that is to say, resistance to a violation of the undertaking contained in the previous article, provided that the attacked party shall at once offer to submit the dispute to peaceful settlement or to comply with an arbitral or judicial decision." The Monroe Doctrine is also preserved by excepting from the operation of Article 1 "action by the United States of America in pursuance of its traditional policy with reference to the American continents, provided that the United States will use its best endeavors to secure the submission to arbitration or conciliation of a dispute between an American and a non-American Power."

The proposal of the American Foundation is the more comprehensive, as it is a general treaty and includes international disputes of all sorts, even those which are supposed to involve "national honor." It is suggested that the House and Senate, by joint resolution, request the President to call an international conference for adopting the treaty. But the very comprehensiveness of the plan probably militates against its early success. Moreover, the advocates of the plan feel that the entrance of the United States to the World Court is a prerequisite to its adoption. The Shotwell treaty is less ambitious but more immediately realizable. It could be used as the basis of an agreement between the United States and any one other country without reference to our membership in the World Court.

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Shall Prosecutors Conceal Facts?

IN an article, Deception According to Law, published in last week's issue of *The Nation*, Morris Ernst takes exception to a declaration of the Massachusetts Supreme Court in its decision in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The court held that "A prosecuting officer is violating no canon of legal ethics in presenting evidence which tends to show guilt while failing to call witnesses in whom he has no confidence, *or whose testimony contradicts what he is trying to prove.*" Mr. Ernst challenges this statement, especially the phrase in italics. "What ethical principle," he asks, "justifies a prosecutor in failing to call a witness whose testimony might defeat the plea for conviction?" and he quotes the Canons of Professional Ethics adopted by the American Bar Association and the various oaths of admission to practice in support of his belief that the duty of a public prosecutor is to obtain justice rather than merely to obtain convictions.

In response to a request from *The Nation* a number of eminent lawyers have replied to the article. William D. Guthrie wrote that he had referred the question raised by Mr. Ernst to the standing committee on professional ethics of the Bar Association of New York City, of which he was then president. The comments of the other lawyers who responded, printed herewith, present an impressive clash of legal opinion on an issue of peculiar public interest and timely importance:

EMORY R. BUCKNER,

Until recently United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York

In my opinion a prosecuting officer should bring out from any witness whom he puts upon the stand all of the relevant testimony which that witness is prepared to give, whether for or against the prosecutor, and should not leave the adverse part of such witness's testimony to be developed on cross-examination.

A prosecuting officer has no duty to place upon the stand a witness whose testimony he does not believe. I do not think a prosecutor is doing his duty when he places testimony in the record which he does not believe, whether for or against his case. I have myself, in prosecuting cases, often told juries that I believed part of my witness's testimony but not the remainder. In one case, many years ago, I told the jury that I did not believe the testimony of any of the seven witnesses testifying for the prosecution. I did not feel justified in throwing out the case when there were so many witnesses supporting it. The jury promptly acquitted.

I think it is a prosecutor's duty to place witnesses upon the stand whose testimony is adverse to his case if he believes that such witnesses are telling the truth. His job is to develop the truth, not merely to win his case.

If a prosecutor consults expert witnesses, some of whom give their opinion in support of the prosecutor's case and some of whom give their opinion against it, I do not believe it is the duty of the prosecutor to call all of the experts consulted, providing he believes the opinion of those testifying favorably for him to be correct and does not trust the opinion of the adverse experts. After all, expert testimony is only opinion testimony and experts nearly always differ.

When I became United States Attorney a little over two years ago I started a little weekly paper called *Scraps* for distribution inside the office only. In the edition of this paper for November 7, 1925, I wrote:

> No Assistant United States Attorney is called upon to try either a civil or criminal case or to argue an appeal where he thinks he is wrong. In such cases he should consult with the head of the department in this office and have the case assigned to some one who has the opposite view. If the head of the department shares his view, the case should be dismissed. It does not make any difference what department of the government is interested. We simply will not try a case in this office where we think the government ought not to win. If it is a so-called test case and Washington wishes the case taken to the Supreme Court and we do not believe in it, we should so advise our clients in Washington, and the most we will do under such circumstances is to submit the construction of the statute to the court without argument, frankly stating our reasons for so doing. It may be possible in such cases to bring on the lawyer who is giving us our orders and let him argue the case if he wishes to do so.

ALLEN WARDWELL

I have taken occasion to examine the entire opinion of the Massachusetts court to which Mr. Ernst refers in his article. It seems to me that a reading of the whole decision does not justify the criticism which Mr. Ernst makes. The paragraph preceding that in which the sentence occurs to which Mr. Ernst refers and the paragraph in which that sentence appears seem to indicate that the Massachusetts court in no way differs from the ethical principles expressed in the Canon of the American Bar Association. In fact, the whole context leads me to think that the word "or" in the sentence referred to should be interpreted as "and," so that the sentence which Mr. Ernst refers to would read, "A prosecuting officer is violating no canon of legal ethics in presenting evidence which tends to show guilt, while failing to call witnesses in whom he has no confidence and whose testimony contradicts what he is trying to prove." Be this as it may, it is clear that the court considered whatever evidence there was in the possession of the prosecuting attorney and determined that it was not of a character which required him to present it to the court. Just what evidence would be substantial so as to move the prosecuting attorney to take such a step must, it seems to me, in the first instance be left to his sense of propriety, as obviously he cannot be called upon to bring forward every bit of information, reliable or unreliable, which might cast doubt upon the case which he is attempting to prove. The determination of this question may in some instances be difficult, but no more so than the ethical problems which are presented to any lawyer in almost every phase of the practice of his profession. It seems to me that the Massachusetts court should recognize, as it seems to have done, and as every court should recognize, that if the prosecuting attorney had suppressed or concealed obviously important evidence tending to establish the innocence of the accused, the judgment might be reversed; certainly that the prosecuting attorney is subject to censure.

In view of my ignorance of criminal proceedings I am not in a position to state the practice, but I should suppose there was no doubt that if the prosecuting attorney had substantial evidence tending to prove the innocence of the accused, he ought either to call the attention of the accused's counsel to the evidence or himself present it to the court.

SAMUEL UNTERMYER

I have no hestitation in saying that the declaration of the Massachusetts court that "A prosecuting officer is violating no canon of legal ethics in presenting evidence which tends to show guilt while failing to call witnesses . . . whose testimony contradicts what he is trying to prove" is not in accordance with

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the ethics of our profession unless the prosecutor is satisfied that the contradictory testimony is false. Even if he believes the witness whose testimony would contradict that of other witnesses is honestly mistaken, it is his duty to place him on the witness stand and let him tell his story.

I incline to the view that the court in laying down this extraordinary rule failed to appreciate the fundamental difference between a public prosecutor and a lawyer at the bar who is representing private interests whether in a civil or a criminal case. And yet the distinction is well defined.

In private controversies the duty of counsel for each party is limited to the presentation of the facts bearing upon the contentions of his client. It is assumed that the lawyer representing the other side of the controversy will do likewise, and that thus the court will be fully informed as to the claims of both parties. It is not the duty of the lawyer for one side to present the facts in favor of the other.

The duty of a public prosecutor is entirely different. It is quite as important a function of the state in the investigation, prosecution, and punishment of crime to shield the innocent as to punish the guilty. That duty extends to the prosecutor as the representative of the state. He is as false to his oath if he suppresses or fails to present evidence that he believes to be credible in favor of the accused as if he were to submit perjured testimony against him.

With all due respect to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, it is preposterous to suggest that it is consistent with the duty of a prosecutor or with the prevailing Canon of Ethics in the profession for a public officer, ostensibly engaged in the administration of justice, to fail to call a witness whose testimony would contradict a fact that he is trying to establish, unless he is satisfied that that testimony is unworthy of belief. I doubt whether in the length and breadth of the land any man with reputation in the legal profession could be found who would justify such action.

In my judgment there is no necessity for bar associations appointing committees to establish any such fundamental rule of conduct. Rule 5 of the Canons of Professional Ethics of the American Bar Association plainly points out the duty of a lawyer in such a case, and any member of the bar intrusted with the sacred responsibility of administering justice for the state in criminal cases who fails to observe that fundamental rule of common decency is unfit to belong to our noble profession. The prosecutor is as much a minister of justice as the man who sits on the bench.

JULIUS HENRY COHEN

Mr. Ernst calls attention to number five of the Canons of Professional Ethics. This canon and the oath of admission to practice which Mr. Ernst quotes are to be interpreted in the light of the established practice. It was not intended to reverse the usual practice in the trial of criminal cases. It has long been the accepted fact that in presenting cases to the grand jury for purposes of indictment, the district attorney should lay all the facts before the grand jury, leaving to them to determine whether an indictment is justified. In the trial, however, it is his duty to submit evidence to support the indictment. If he has evidence which should acquit the defendant, he should move to dismiss the indictment. Neither side may falsify evidence. Neither side may secrete witnesses. The word "secreting," used in the canons of ethics, means hiding witnesses or documentary evidence, or removing them from the jurisdiction. The words "suppression of facts" mean the affirmative destruction of evidence or prevention of access by the other side. They do not mean withholding the evidence.

I am of opinion, therefore, that the statement by the highest court of Massachusetts concerning the conduct of prosecuting officers is entirely within the established practice and consistent with the canons of ethics and the oath taken by a lawyer.

In my judgment, our present philosophy errs too much on the side of safeguarding the defendant in his rights. Convictions fail because of the right of the defendant to refuse to take the stand and because of the necessity of securing a unanimous verdict from the jury. The challenge to the legal profession demands an answer not alone to the question whether "convictions, rather than justice, should be the prosecutor's aim" but also to the question "Should acquittal, rather than justice, be the aim of counsel for the defendant?" If justice is to be the aim both of prosecutor and defendant's counsel, then each is under duty to lay all the evidence in his possession before the court and the jury. If we are to consider a newer ethical conception for the trial of criminal causes, we must consider the technique both of the prosecution and the defense.

The present method is not in accord with our finer sense of social needs. I find more disappointment, however, in the escape of the guilty, of which we have had too many conspicuous and flagrant examples within the last few years, than in the comparatively rare conviction of defendants in cases where evidence in the possession of the prosecuting officer, if revealed, might have changed the result.

GEORGE GORDON BATTLE

The enlightened opinion of mankind has come to recognize that a criminal trial should be a just and fair investigation to determine whether or not the accused is guilty of the charge. It should not be an assault by the prosecutor upon the defendant with the purpose of convicting him by fair or foul means. It should be in all cases the primary desire of the prosecutor to elicit the truth, and not to convict at all hazards. It may be said that counsel for the defendant is necessarily partisan in his conduct of the defense; that he is under no obligation to bring forward evidence which may be favorable to the prosecution, and that it is against public policy to impose upon the prosecutor obligations and responsibilities which make him less effective than the opposing counsel. The answer to this suggestion is that public opinion is more and more frowning upon the efforts of unscrupulous lawyers to defeat justice. No lawyer would now advance the famous proposition of Lord Brougham to the effect that it was the duty of counsel for the defense to endeavor by any and all means to secure the acquittal of his client even though his efforts might bring about ruin to his country.

Furthermore, there is a difference between the function of the public prosecutor and the private counsel. It is the bounden duty of the public prosecutor, representing the people, to bring out all the facts to the end that justice may be done. This is recognized by the Canon of Professional Ethics adopted by the American Bar Association and quoted by Mr. Ernst. The principle, however, must be interpreted by the district attorney. He is under no obligation to call to the stand witnesses who he has reasonable grounds to believe are mistaken or perjured in their testimony. He is not bound to call witnesses whose testimony would merely obscure the issue and confuse the jury. But it is undoubtedly his duty to call all reliable witnesses who can give legal evidence material to the issue of the guilt or innocence of the defendant. I do not believe that the Supreme Court of Massachusetts intended to lay down any rule that a prosecuting officer is not justified in calling witnesses whose testimony may contradict what he is trying to prove, provided that testimony is reliable, honest, and material. The expression contained in the extract from the opinion of the court is perhaps susceptible of a broader construction than was intended.

Crime must be vigorously prosecuted. Law and order must be maintained. But that result can be better reached by free and fair investigation, in which a zealous and able prosecutor, unhampered by outworn technicalities, can call all witnesses who have knowledge on the subject and thus so far as is possible to human beings bring to light the absolute truth.

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A PROFESSOR OF LAW
whose name must be withheld

Mr. Ernst's position is the result of his harboring a very common preconception. He thinks of the governing group existing in a particular geographical area as consisting of all or most of the people in the area. He thinks that the interests of the governing group are the interests of the inhabitants, and that the ethics of both should be the same. If he abandoned his preconception and were more realistic he would see the Government as only one among a number of groups, such as the United States Steel Corporation, the American Federation of Labor, and the Rockefeller Foundation. Further, he would note that the governing group is much smaller in number than he supposes. He would not expect the interests and ethics of the governing group to be the same as those of the other inhabitants, but would rather expect them to be class interests and class ethics. Consequently he would not be surprised in a case like the Sacco-Vanzetti case to find many members of the governing group, including the courts, sharing the feelings of the prosecutor, one of their fellow-members. Nor would he urge, by argument, the governing group to restrict its power by changing its rules.

MAX D. STEUER

> A prosecuting officer is violating no canon of legal ethics in presenting evidence which tends to show guilt while failing to call witnesses in whom he has no confidence, or whose testimony contradicts what he is trying to prove.

As far as the statement of the Massachusetts Supreme Court goes I agree with it absolutely. The side that calls a witness vouches for the credibility of that witness. Necessarily, therefore, the district attorney vouches for the credibility and reliability of a witness called on behalf of the State or the Commonwealth. How could he, therefore, consistently call a witness in whose credibility he does not believe and in whom he has no confidence? The inquiry answers itself.

The particular challenge, however, is directed to the words: "or whose testimony contradicts what he is trying to prove." In other words, should the district attorney be required to call witnesses to contradict his own statement of what the believable facts are? Analyzed, it comes to this: The district attorney first calls witness A, who gives a version of a transaction tending to show guilt on the part of the defendant. Shall he then be required to call witness B to contradict witness A and give a version tending to exculpate the defendant, and then continue until the end of the chapter in the same way? Is there any method by which confusion could be made more confounded? Convictions would be rendered impossible in any case, however clear, if the district attorney was compelled to discredit his own case by calling contradictory witnesses.

The defendant has his own counsel, who knows how to present his side of the case and to whom should be intrusted that duty. This does not, however, mean that the district attorney may suppress evidence. Nor, in my opinion, has the defendant's attorney any greater right in that regard than the district attorney. It is the duty of each to see that all of the evidence in favor of and against the defendant is adduced. If the prosecuting attorney becomes apprised of a witness who could give testimony favorable to the defendant it is his duty to notify the defendant's counsel of that fact—furnishing to the defendant's counsel the name of the witness and his whereabouts—and to afford him every opportunity of access to witness.

On the other hand it is, in my opinion, just as much the duty of the defendant's counsel to make the same disclosure to the district attorney with respect to any witness of whom he knows who could give evidence in favor of the prosecution.

These Modern Women
In Search of Adventure

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the sixteenth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of a group of distinguished women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in* The Nation *for June 22.*]

AN attempt to recreate the emotions or the facts of childhood is never easy; for almost everyone it must involve a certain amount of what comes perilously near to being sheer invention.

In my own case the child that was is dim to the woman that is. I can see, as through an inverted telescope, a series of microscopic pictures; a tiny tow-headed figure (two of them in fact, my sister and myself, one almost as detached as the other) moving about a background that shifts between New York, Washington, England, Newport, Long Island, France, and so on. The one that was me always in violent motion, full of spirits and eagerness, with a full measure of the adventures and rebellions, the joys and despairs that make up a thoroughly normal childhood.

Ironically enough, in view of my present interests, I was born at Newport in the early eighties. The earliest of my childish memories concerns a room, a strange, immense, unexpected room, with walls that did not behave as walls should, and a ceiling that was somehow "funny." It is curious how vivid it all remains—especially a hard, bright light and a smell which I have later identified as that of oil paints. A huge portrait still exists of my sister and myself, all fat legs and blue bows, painted by the leading Academician of the day. So probably the memory is of the studio in Rome where the horror was perpetrated, when I was somewhat under two years old.

Another picture, this time a steamer: a low quiet light; the sea still and glassy; myself on deck peering between the rails over which I was too small to see; rows of comfortable ladies on deck chairs consuming tea and taffy, that sweet, sticky stuff provided, thanks be to Heaven, only on Cunarders; everywhere peace and serenity. Suddenly a grinding shock, a shiver through the ship, a grating, wrenching, jerking forward for several seconds, and finally a bump that brought us all to our feet. Then somehow in everybody's mouth the mysterious words, "We're aground." I knew exactly what to expect—a raft, desert island, monkeys, a house in a palm tree, all in the best Crusoe tradition. This in spite of the fact that the shores of Staten Island were still faintly visible in the haze. For the first time I tasted to the full the bitterness of disillusion. I can remember as if it were yesterday the first dreadful doubts that sprang to my mind as I realized that my mother, who had never failed me before, was sitting calmly in her chair, that no joyful

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activities were on foot, no lashing together of masts to make rafts, no gathering up of water-kegs and axes and all the other delightful paraphernalia of adventure, as I had so confidently anticipated. Something very close to despair filled my soul as it was finally borne in upon me that my island was but a mirage, that dull ships would go on forever sailing to duller destinations. The taste of taffy brings it all back to me, even to the sudden disintegrating nausea of the piece tucked in my cheek throughout the excitement—the piece I spat fiercely into the sea with a feeling that somehow the doors of life had clanged shut upon romance.

This anticlimax was all the more devastating as I had been frankly "scared." It was not until many years later that I realized what a joyful, soul-satisfying sensation the word implies. Always the same rhythm—first an overpowering oppression, a tight clutch at one's throat almost like a physical bond, then the revulsion: a sudden, soaring, wide-flung feeling of delight, of tremendous possibilities just ahead, an intoxicating illusion of sudden power. A sensation to be prized above all others and to be courted in all manner of ways. It is much the same today—whether the occasion be the stalling of an airplane engine low over London, picketing surrounded by a crowd of angry scabs, swimming among sharks, the schooling of a green hunter. Even careening down a steep hill with a drunken taxi-driver, his machine out of control, has its points.

Intense physical pain has a similar effect. After the first oppression, the first grinding annihilation, comes the same revulsion, the same fierce release of the spirit, the same sense of swinging incredibly free above the limitations of an everyday world. Ever since my first child was born, I have known that one day the world's supreme work of art would be created by a woman in childbirth.

But to return to my commonplace and uneventful childhood. Another memory: a calm windless afternoon, a golden sunset—and my pet rabbit, its leg crushed by my clumsiness. The agony of that moment will have power to torture me till the end of my life. After all these years I still waken in a cold sweat, the feel of the soft little body under my foot, its screams ringing through the room.

The scene shifts to a London hotel—my mother, in a dress of flame, coming in to tell us goodnight. I remember my feeling of stunned consternation as I realized she was dining out *in England!* Actually about to break bread with *the British enemy!* It seemed an act of unutterable treachery impossible to understand. Obviously the propaganda then fed to the young under the guise of patriotism had borne its fruits.

One more story and I am done. Since I had read "Ben Hur" at the age of six, a small white birthmark on my breast assumed a new interest and was immediately identified as the mark of incipient leprosy. With a feeling part disgust, part triumph, part excitement, I rode into the park on my little old tricycle, debating seriously with myself whether I must not shout "Unclean!" "Unclean!" to the children that rushed up to greet me, and then steal quietly away into the mountains of Palestine. But of course never a sign of all this to parents, governesses, nurses, or indeed to anyone. I would have died before letting a word of it pass my lips.

Commonplace as are these incidents of my childhood, the next phase is even more undramatic. The stage was set for a conventional coming-out, and the normal sequellae to be expected from the daughter of my sort of parents—none of which happened. My father and mother, much to their surprise, were forced to adjust themselves to a "dud" in the family circle. I don't know how seriously they took it, but I do know that life was made uncomfortable for me through an atmosphere of failure, of having somehow not come up to expectations, so much so that I went around with a sense of guilt and rather bitter revolt.

I flatly refused to "come out," but I had not the faintest idea what I did want. I only knew that I was "agin" everything the family wanted—all its traditions, all its theories, all its works. This sense of revolt—my hand against every man, especially against the rich and the established—may have come from something more deep-rooted than the ordinary rebellion of the young against their parents; I don't know, but at any rate, it is even now a fundamental part of my make-up. Some years ago my husband and I were forced to endure several months of intensive police protection. Over and beyond the inevitable nuisance of having a secret-service man at one's elbow morning, noon, and night, was a feeling of resentment, of being in a humiliating position. I had always the sense that the police were the natural enemy, that they and I belonged to different camps. No amount of reasoning could overcome the sensation. I experienced much the same discomfort on my first visit to a steel mill, where even "tapping a heat" for the first time—one of the real thrills of life—could not make me unconscious of the obsequious manager who trailed us from shop to shop, giving me the same humiliating sense of sailing under false colors. What had I to do with the Steel Trust or any of its works?

However, in spite of revolts and rebellions, I managed to have an extremely good time. For several of those years I went in heavily for sports—one in particular with a reputation for danger (in which women rarely competed) affording a most gratifying opportunity to score against hard-boiled masculine competition.

The inevitable young men turned up at times in considerable numbers. I was sent the other day an old letter of my mother's that complained of three diamond solitaires found in a discarded bureau about which, according to her, I professed to have no interest—but flippantly suggested that she attempt to return them to the young men in question, and see whether she might be more successful than I. Her disgust with my behavior, her reluctance to give the offending articles houseroom in her safe, combined with her inability to leave them where she found them, serves to illustrate the difference between the two generations. Incidentally, I have not the slightest recollection of the occurrence.

Then one fine day I made up my mind to shed my present and my past—decided to go out and see the world from a new angle. With a portentous feeling as of one signing a declaration of independence I discarded both my pearls and my maid and, having provided myself with letters of introduction to all the great, the near-great, and the not great at all from Maine to California, I started out with a wise friend. For the first time in my life I was foot-loose—with no family to consider or demonstrate against. We would arrive in a town, having sent our letters ahead, to find a welcome arranged for us by the leading citizens perhaps, or by a puzzled mayor—both quite uncertain whether they were to deal with lady adventuresses, uplifters, or a new brand of drummer. One of my most cherished possessions is a card from a bell-hop in a Los

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Angeles hotel to his friend in San Francisco, tenderly inscribed: "Be good to these girls." As a pendant to this story was a perfectly impersonal, almost public proposal of marriage, after a few hours' acquaintance, by a tory statesman, very rich and pompous, evidently because he felt it was expected of him. We had all manner of joyful adventures and collected I. W. W.'s, big-game hunters, reactionary Senators, Socialists, stodgy captains of industries, single taxers, a whole-hog Tolstoian, college professors, and editors galore—even a Hindu agitator. It was a good trip and things began to move from then on.

I cannot remember just when or how I first became interested in the suffrage movement—but I do know that it came more through my active interest in liberal politics than through the usual resentment against women's political discrimination per se. Many of my family had held elective offices of one kind and another. I remember more than once dining with an ex-President who took me into the smoking-room to talk politics with the men after the women had left the table, and it never struck me that this was in any way unusual. I had not learned to think of myself in terms of a downtrodden and disfranchised female.

I walked in the first suffrage parade and in some later ones as a matter of course and without feeling that I was doing anything significant. My family were opposed, equally as a matter of course, but I cannot remember that that particular bone of contention was ever seriously worried between us. As time went on, I joined actively in the suffrage fight and gave considerable time to it, but I must admit that quite aside from the essential justice of the proposition, I saw women largely as a new group of voters. I worked to help enfranchise them with even more interest in their responsibilities than in their rights.

Since then, in the language of the booster, more adventures and better adventures have come into my life—some successes, some reverses—but no more negations, no further futilities. Some years ago I marked down, pursued, and captured one of the few really big men I have ever known—"one who never turned his back but marched breast forward"—and lived happily and gloriously ever after.

My interests have continued to be specialized along actively political lines. My feminism has broadened and become more human, more understanding, especially in my belated recognition of the vital importance of economic independence for women, and the need of constructive action to make that possible for the average wife and mother.

On one point, however, I take direct issue with orthodox feminists, many of whom assume that the bearing of children is a burden and a handicap, and that men's exemption therefrom constitutes an asset. I disagree. In the first place many women tend to over-emphasize the question of physical pain; and in the second, even if one admits that the adventure of child-bearing "gums the game" for a certain period, there is no reason for assuming that this in itself constitutes a cost too high to be borne with eager, glorying equanimity; nor that because he is free from it man has essentially the better part. Personally I would not change, abate, or sacrifice any part of my own job.

My feminism tells me that woman can bear children, charm her lovers, boss a business, swim the Channel, stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord—all in the day's work!

The Reign of the Masonry Dome

By ELBERT PEETS

IF you wish to measure the revolution that steel, the elevator, and desk-worship have caused among architectural values, nothing will help you so much as to know what the full meaning of the dome was to Michelangelo and his time. For the dome reigned over architecture during the generations that built St. Peter's—became, indeed, the center of a school of architectural effort striving to realize an ideal that was more clearly seen, one must think, than any other that has given energy to art. That ideal was the perfect dome-centered building.

We now can quite easily reproduce the shapes of domes by bending a few steel beams or by cementing together a few layers of hard thin tiles. But we have lost the desire to know the dome as a perilous heroic adventure in building. Engineering has so far outdistanced daily experience that it has become a sort of magic that will protect us and serve us, though we cannot understand it. We enter the Woolworth building without any sense of fear. But in the living days of stone-arch building, a kind of fear was part of the beauty of architecture. Burke was right, joining awe and sublimity. The people of Rome who walked under the dome of St. Peter's in 1590 did not lightly accept the ceiling above them as a pretty surface held up there by some clever mechanical trick. They and their fathers and great-grandfathers had seen the ox-teams pulling creaking cartloads of great stones up through the Borgo, and they repeated stories of the oak forests cut for scaffolding. The oriental proverb that arch and dome never sleep was more to them than a pretty saying. The cultivated among them, at least, felt that enormous mass of stone as a membered whole alive with symmetrical thrusts, frictions, compressions, and coherences.

And it was this sublime monster, the masonry dome, that Bramante, Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Vignola dreamed of raising to a kingship over architecture more absolute than it had ever had in Rome or in Byzantium. Their ideal was a building whereof every stone should serve the dome that crowned it. They wanted to embody in a building—in a whole city if you would let them—the complete unfolding of the mechanical and formal significance of the dome principle. They saw in the old long-naved basilicas and Gothic churches merely a practical housing for congregations; each bay of them was a unit, but there was no inevitable structural law that fixed the number of bays. Identical bays, too, performed different functions, and identical functions were performed by dissimilar members—these being the very errors most hated by architectural logic. Brunelleschi's fine dome at Florence has for supports three compact apses and an arch of the wide high nave. Clearly, the mass of the dome bears down equally on all four sides: would it not then, if freed from arbitrary human interference, create for itself exactly equal supports,

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identical in form because equal in strength? The supporting members, to be sure, might be grouped and modeled so that they could do their work better or in order to honor the dome, both inside and out, with a series of contrapuntal echoes interpreting or completing its form. But every section taken through the vertical axis of the dome must be symmetrical.

Gothic architecture is constantly spoken of as spiritual and the taste of the Renaissance is called sensual. That is in part because the barbaric splendor of the Gothic has worn or been torn away and in further part because modern eyes see the color of Renaissance interiors but not their structural and formal unity. The Gothic is rich in the vertical lines which by a crude symbolism we call spiritual. But the popes and architects of the Renaissance, masters of geometry and formal logic, made for their spirituality a symbol in harmony with their intelligence, planning churches that would draw the whole earth up to a single point, huge complexes mastered by a single law. They must have smiled at the Gothic builders who laid their churches upon a line drawn from the cross in the market square to the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and, it is said, sometimes bent their main axis to symbolize the bent body of the crucified Christ. Bramante and Michelangelo built St. Peter's on a line running from the center of the earth to the zenith of the heavens. They sought to symbolize, by incarnating it, the absolute truth of the syllogism that was the core of their art: "If the functions are the same, then the forms are the same."

The unity that I am ascribing to the dome-centered building was not a requirement of clerical mysticism—its great enemy and final victor, in fact, was the Latin cross and the traditional processions of the Cult. The architects of the sixteenth century strove for the perfect solution of the dome composition because that was the great professional problem that history and the thought of the time assigned to them, just as the most vital work of our architects is being put into the solution of the tower office-building. It was the good fortune of the sixteenth century that artist and engineer were still one man and that, further, the technical and aesthetic command over the sole material, stone, was so complete that only ultimate problems remained for solution. Such a problem was St. Peter's—the attainment of structural-formal perfection in a domed building so large that human beings, even in great crowds, could not sense the actual size of a larger one.

Michelangelo was the most skilful worker in stone of his time. So he built St. Peter's. He built it as a demonstration of absolute logic and unfettered skill in stone building. When he walked, in imagination, through his design, as an architect loves to, he felt the separate existence of every member, felt the relation of each member to all the rest, the economy and sufficiency of its form, its part in the work, what forces bore upon it, how they were met. He read the whole building, solid and surface and void, as we read a lyric, with, instead of the approximate likeness of rhyme and meter, the abounding floods of symmetry in his church, and instead of the poem's charming play of ideas, some thousands of tons of stone hanging, in an intricate equilibrium, over his head. But how can you set down precisely the meaning to the human mind and body of participation in the phenomenon of an ideally organized mass supported equally by four ideally suitable and ideally placed supports? That might be the formula for a saw-horse—to Michelangelo it meant a universe in which accident had no part, a tangible rendering of man's greatest aesthetic creation, the concept *law*. For law in the abstract he substituted the laws his hand and eye could know: gravitation, the coherence of stone, geometry. Set in play, these laws produced a vast masonry dome crowning a building devoted wholly to the dome's physical support and formal amplification. And so was fulfilled the desire of the Renaissance for absolute law in the disposition of space-inclosing stone—for absolute dignity, mastery, amplitude, elegance, and reason in the shaping of stone-surfaced space.

These skyscrapers we see springing up around us are sometimes lovely and in groups they often have a rugged alpine picturesqueness. But they know as little of Michelangelo as a vaudeville theater knows of Sophocles. His titanic logic is forgotten, the materials and forms he struggled with have become ridiculous toys. Well, our task is to form ideals for steel and to realize them. Perhaps it is in self-defense that we prefer not to think of other labors. But whoever wishes to know the heights of the human mind must try to know Michelangelo's vision, a huge dome-centered building, as simple and as clearly formed by law as a sunflower or a snow-flake.

The Camera Learns to Lie

By SAMUEL TENENBAUM

OPPONENTS of tabloid journalism are becoming vocal. They are accusing it of vulgarity and bad taste. They are even making more serious charges, namely, that it is helping to spread sexual morbidity and immorality and criminality. Nowhere, however, have I seen an attack on its outstanding characteristic—the pictures it uses so abundantly. Defenders of tabloid journalism—and there are many such—have listed this characteristic prominently among the tabloid's virtues. Of the theories advanced to explain its phenomenal and overnight success, the most plausible is the "see and believe" theory.

The camera cannot lie. This belief in pictures is almost pathetic. To some extent the fact that errors, exaggerations, and, what is worse, deliberate lies creep into the news columns is known, but this new medium—pictures—the public accepts at its face value.

Even a cursory examination of tabloids shows that the type of pictures desired are of a surface, emotional nature. These pictures must have "news" value, just like "worded" news. Hence, the good cameraman, like the good reporter, is the one who can give this "news value" to his pictures. Ordinary pictures can be got by the score—anywhere. But the tabloid does not want ordinary pictures. It wants news pictures, and the photographer has learned to play tricks with his camera to get them.

A little more than a year ago a child was missed from the lower East Side, the Ghetto district of New York City. At first it was believed that the child had been kidnapped. Later his body was found in the East River, in which, it was established, he had accidentally fallen. This was a splendid opportunity for tabloids and Hearst newspapers to weep buckets of tears. I was then working on one of the city newspapers, and was assigned to the story. A cameraman came along with me, of course. He gathered a group of children in the neighborhood and told them to take out their handkerchiefs and make believe they were crying. The cap-

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tion, when the picture was published, ran something like this: "'When will Sammy come back?' his playmates ask."

One of the reporters hoisted himself to a fire-escape and waved in the air a stick with a loud bell attached to the end. Many tabloid cameramen carry such contraptions around with them as part of their paraphernalia. Naturally, a crowd was attracted by his antics. They probably thought the reporter had gone mad. Meanwhile a photographer on the opposite side of the street snapped a picture of the crowd. When printed, the explanation stated that all day throngs had gathered around the stricken house, "aroused by the sinister crime." There were pictures—almost two pages of them—of mothers hiding babies in all sorts of strange places to prevent possible kidnapping; there were pictures showing the child's brother, three months old, and the parents weeping over the misfortune; there was a picture of the detective questioning the parents for clues; there were pictures of cellars in the neighborhood.

These pictures were obtained as the first two were. They were first conceived in the brain of the photographer; he then found persons to make the original conception a reality. Rarely does one come across a picture that can be taken as it is, that does not need fixing up.

There comes to my mind a story boastfully told to the rest of the staff by one of our star reporters. He was sent to interview the father of the demented Noel boy, who killed a child, a year or two ago, in New Jersey. The man refused to see reporters. Our star saw himself coming back to the office without a story, an indignity he refused to accept. The reporter and the photographer put their heads together. The next morning our paper carried a photograph of a notice written in a scrawling hand to this effect: "For God's sake stay out, or there will be another crime committed." The notice was apparently signed by the boy's father and was attached to the door. A caption underneath the picture stated that a noted alienist had examined the son's and the father's handwriting and found a remarkable resemblance between the two. The story was a fabrication from start to finish. The reporter and the cameraman had written the notice and then found a door on which to attach it.

Many of the pictures that come into the office are supplied by syndicates and associations. It frequently happens that the information about them is meager. Even the staff cameramen often bring into the office good pictures with very little information. The copyreader puts his imagination to work, and interesting, if not accurate, reading matter is produced.

Besides this conscious twisting of truth, there are the conniving publicity agents who are growing so rapidly in number and importance that they threaten to make it impossible for even the honest reporter to get at the facts of a story. The publicity man contrives to make his pictures appear unusual. It is for this reason we see so many freak poses—an actress lying on a cake of ice to keep cool, another hugging a young lion, a third getting out of a milk bath, a fourth undergoing a peculiar operation, a fifth distributing handbills for something or other. For the most part these pictures are the products of the publicity agent's fertile imagination.

The camera is still in its infancy. What new tricks may be developed with its aid it is difficult to foretell. The newspaper camera may yet compete with the movie camera in inventing and perfecting new tricks to fool the eye.

In the Driftway

THE new United States Attorney in New York City, Charles H. Tuttle, is disturbed over what he calls the decreased sanctity of the oath in the modern courtroom. Presumably he means that witnesses, having sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, lie more than they used to. As to this the Drifter has no information, but the administration of the oath and the assumption that a witness should thereby do less lying in court than otherwise strikes the Drifter as one of the many absurd survivals of medievalism in our judicial system. A presumption of truthfulness as well as a presumption of innocence should exist until the contrary has been proved. Our present attitude is virtually the negation of this; it is a presumption that a witness's word cannot be relied upon unless he first raises his right hand and murmurs assent to an incantation mumbled by the clerk of the court which ends "So help me God." This attitude, the Drifter submits, is an insult to anybody of normal honesty and no deterrent to one who has any temptation toward lying.

* * * * *

TO what extent one is justified in lying is one of the oldest of questions. It makes a good deal of difference, of course, on the definition. A lawyer once described a lie as a misleading statement made to one who has the right to know the truth, not to one who hasn't a right to know it. This is a pretty good definition. It rightly includes as lies statements which are literally correct if they mislead somebody who ought not to be deceived. On the other hand, the definition does not include as lies even untrue statements if made to persons who haven't any business to know the truth or to those who for various reasons would be more injured through knowledge than through ignorance. It excludes what we call social lies and untruths told to people presumably for their good.

* * * * *

THIS definition of a lie, excellent as it seems to be, is broader and more exclusive than that implied by the oath administered in our courts. But what of results? Do people tell any more truth in court than out of it? Is there any reason why they should? When King Edward VII was the Prince of Wales he declared that in a case involving a lady's honor he would, if necessary, perjure himself "like a gentleman." Probably most persons go further. Most persons would justify lying on the witness stand—at least a little—to protect a friend provided nobody else was injured thereby. If the Drifter is ever summoned to court as a witness he hopes to be able to tell the truth, but he will try to use his intelligence, and he is sure that the administration of the oath will not make the slightest difference unless it is to annoy him a little.

* * * * *

TRUTHFULNESS is a civilized virtue; it is on the increase. If Mr. Tuttle finds less of it in the courts than formerly, the trouble is with the courts rather than the witnesses. We shall never increase the so-called sanctity of the oath; it is a bit of outworn liturgy that were better abolished. As to raising the average of truthfulness among witnesses, that will come only when the courts gain greater respect—through more expedition, more probity, and more justice.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

The Labors of Harriet Beecher Stowe

'O THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Carl Sandburg in his life of Lincoln says that my ıother, Harriet Beecher Stowe, "worked hard and for thirteen ears had done most of the washing and sewing for the family." 'rom the first of her married life till she wrote "Uncle Tom's 'abin" she had a most efficient housekeeper and two hired ıaids. "She cut and sewed her husband's coats," he says. If ıy father had ever ventured abroad in any garment my mother ould have made he would have been locked up for a tramp or n escaped bedlamite. "And, besides, was a cobbler cutting eather soles and nailing leather heels onto uppers she had cut nd sewed so as to lace the shoes up behind." If my mother ad ever made my father a pair of shoes to lace up behind, like ob's wife he would have cursed God and died.

Santa Barbara, Cal., April 28 CHARLES EDWARD STOWE

Mussolinied Prosperity

'O THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A letter to me, dated Turin, Italy, April 22, says ımong other things:

> All the really necessary and essential things have increased enormously in price. Everybody is of the opinion that, in order to satisfy the lower classes, Mussolini is allowing the prices to go up as high as possible before stabilizing the lira. France and Italy are the only countries where the currency still fluctuates, and, consequently, affairs are . . . what they are, that is deplorable for the middle classes, or people with only a regular income. I will quote a few prices: In October oil was 10.50 the kilo; now 15. Potatoes, 90; now 1.30. Bread, 1.80; now 3.25. It is the same with polenta, rice, butter, coffee, pasta. Green vegetables, at least most of them, are prohibitory. Dollars have never been so low as now. Last August $100 were worth 2,800 lire; now 1,900.

What price Fascimo?

New York, May 5 F. R.

New Orleans Makes a Correction

'O THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: New Orleans owes *The Nation* thanks for its excellent work in promoting flood control and appreciates the great value of the publicity given the Valley's necessities. But we feel constrained to request the correction of a damaging error in your editorial of May 25. "At New Orleans the waters have risen five feet in forty-eight hours," you say, "in spite of the dynamited Poydras levee, which was to have given relief to the city."

The facts are that the greatest rise ever known here was six-tenths of a foot during twenty-four hours of May 10-11, 1912, and the greatest rise this year was five-tenths of a foot in twenty-four hours April 14-16. The rise of 1912 was assisted by a storm. It is a physical impossibility for the Mississippi River to rise five feet in two days. The greatest rise since the dynamiting of the Poydras Crevasse was four-tenths of a foot during May 12-14. The Poydras Crevasse is a complete success and is now about 3,200 feet wide. New Orleans is doing all it can for the flood sufferers on the western side of the Mississippi in Louisiana and in other States through the Red Cross and other means, and for herself and them asks continued support of plans for flood control.

New Orleans, May 25 A. G. NEWMEYER,
Chairman, Clearing House Committee

Railroad Valuation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your comment on the recent decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission which held that railroad valuations must be based on 1914 prices seems to me misleading. The valuation theory adopted by the commission is not the theory championed by the late Senator La Follette. In fact, the basis of valuation used by the commission was bitterly attacked by La Follette in his later years.

The Progressives in general and La Follette in particular long urged the use of "prudent investment" as the proper rate base. The basis approved by the commission in the St. Louis and O'Fallon Railway case was cost of reproduction as of 1914 for property constructed prior to 1914; cost of reproduction at the prevailing prices for property constructed between June 30, 1914, and June 30, 1919; and actual cost for property constructed subsequently. Depreciation was, of course, deducted. Land was taken at current prices, not at 1914 prices. The resulting valuation is not "prudent investment"; it is considerably higher. Prices of labor and materials were rising from 1896 to 1914, and of course continued to rise until 1921. It is probable that values based on 1914 prices are in excess of original cost. Furthermore, the practice of valuing land at current prices instead of at 1914 prices gives the full benefit of the unearned increment to the railroads, again resulting in valuations in excess of "prudent investment" or of actual sacrifice on the part of investors. Since more than one-half the total investment in land of some railroads is in valuable terminal properties, where land values are rapidly and constantly rising, the increasing burden put upon commerce by this method of valuation is considerable.

Urbana, Illinois, April 13 D. PHILIP LOCKLIN

[This is not the opinion of the late Senator La Follette's supporters if we may judge by Senator George W. Norris's interview in the press of April 1, in which he declares that the decision "constitutes a splendid victory" for the La Follette forces.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Contributors to This Issue

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The author of In Search of Adventure is active in public affairs.

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International Relations Section

Great Britain—Seven or One

By ALBIN E. JOHNSON

Geneva, May 1

WHEN the League of Nations was founded and its opponents in the United States were frantically seeking arguments against Washington's adherence, one of the most effective charges against it was that by virtue of its six self-governing Dominions and India the British Empire would have seven votes to one—provided equality of membership was granted to all.

Today, eight years after the Geneva organization started functioning, British statesmen are working overtime to hold the Commonwealth together—or else their maneuvering around the League of Nations halls is a brilliant bit of camouflage. The last gesture of Downing Street indicates that where fearful Americans lost sleep over "seven votes against one" for England, the Foreign Office is really more concerned in establishing "one vote for seven" for the empire. And by a technical establishment of this theory, Sir Austen Chamberlain has again loosed the tempest, and brought about an open revolt which probably will be heard from when the Assembly convenes in September—if not before.

It happens that the Irish Free State, in the person of its permanent envoy, Mr. Michael MacWhite, ex-Foreign Legionnaire, Sinn Feiner, and soldier of fortune, and the Canadian Government, in the person of Dr. W. A. Riddell, maintain official watchdogs at Geneva to safeguard the interests of their respective countries. Likewise they send influential delegations to the Assembly and participate independently in international conferences held under the auspices of the League and International Labor Office.

In the Council, however, like forty-two other members of the League, they are not represented although at the last Assembly both Sir George Foster, head of the Canadian Delegation, and Desmond Fitzgerald, Foreign Minister of the Free State, declared categorically that they maintained their right to become candidates for the Council and claimed absolute equality in their membership in the League with Great Britain and other nations.

The Irish even went so far as to establish a precedent by becoming a candidate for a Council seat, and polled a respectable number of votes. Canada, by virtue of a tacit understanding among the Dominions, was slated to be a joint candidate next fall and was sure of election as "representative" of the Dominions, under the theory of "group interests."

But something has gone awry. Great Britain, through Sir Austen, sought to act as spokesman in the last Assembly, when the Foreign Minister stated that none of the Dominions was a candidate for a seat on the Council. The assumption brought about the situation mentioned above, with even Australia and South Africa voting for Ireland and the Chief Indian Delegate personally expressing his regrets to Mr. Fitzgerald that he had not been permitted to dictate the way the Indian vote was to be cast.

The Imperial Conference came along. The Commonwealth representatives agreed on a new form of international treaty, wherein each government was to sign its own international engagements, independent of the government of Great Britain. Sir Austen Chamberlain was "authorized" to make a statement to this effect before the Council of the League. He did. Attending the session were Mr. MacWhite, Dr. Riddell, Sir Joseph Cook of Australia, and other representatives of the Dominions, as "observers."

In his verbal statement to the Council Sir Austen said in part: "I should add that I make this statement at the express desire of all the governments represented at the Imperial Conference."

But in the confidential minutes of the session (C/ 44th session/P. V. 4 [1]) is found the following insertion, evidently put into the record by the British Spokesman when he revised the proof for the Official Record: "I sit here as the representative of Great Britain and the Dominions." And then follows: "But the Dominions sit in the Assembly in their own names."

Ignorant of the revised statement that a fortnight later appeared in the Official Minutes (which are distributed to all governments) the Dominion representatives who attended the Council for the express purpose of "assisting" in the enunciation of a new principle in the formulation of international treaties reported to their governments that all was well. Then after the *fait accompli* the attention of the envoy of the Irish Free State was called to the official altered version.

As the matter stands, the Dominions are "equal" members so far as the Assembly of the League is concerned; they can also participate independently in international conferences and accept or reject treaties; but in the Council of the League, which is the real governing power of the organization, they are "represented" by the Foreign Minister of Great Britain. That is, if the pronunciamento of Sir Austen Chamberlain remains unchallenged.

League circles are puzzled. The question of equality, made amply clear at the last Assembly by Ireland's and Canada's strong stand, is again in the fire. The skeleton is rattling in the closet. In the Seanad Eireann a suspicious Senator, Mr. O'Farrell, asked Minister Fitzgerald point blank: "What about it?" He wanted to know if the Irish Free State had been duped at the Imperial Conference, or if Sir Austen had overshot his mark. Fitzgerald replied:

"The statement: 'I sit here as representative of the British Dominions' was not a justifiable statement and is not in accordance with facts." The challenge is passed directly back to Sir Austen by the Irish Free State at least. In the last Assembly Sir George Foster said: "I think it is right at this stage to say to this Assembly and to the League that we consider we have equal rights of representation on the Council and otherwise with everyone of the fifty-six members of the League and we do not propose to waive this right." What Ottawa intends to do, when it is informed of the situation, remains to be seen. Without any doubt the government of South Africa and also the administration in Australia will be heard from—unless, at the Imperial Conference, the Dominions surrendered something they had fought long and hard to secure.

"Equality" is an illusion at Geneva; none insist that Abyssinia and Panama are equal with France and Japan and Great Britain and Germany. But for the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations the word has another meaning. The status they gained through blood and money sacrifices in the World War will not be easily surrendered, either in theory or in fact.

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Summer Book Section

Spring Novels and "The Magic Mountain"

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN its Spring Book Number *The Nation* included the names of ninety-five works of fiction in a list of "notable new books." Since that time most of them (as well, of course, as innumerable others) have appeared and some have doubtless already been forgotten. Yet there was, at least, no lack of variety here. Ranging in time from "The Tale of Genji," which Lady Murasaki wrote in the eleventh century, on through a new twelve-volume edition of the novels of Benjamin Disraeli, to the present; ranging in mood from the flippant assurance of Michael Arlen's "Young Men in Love" to the high seriousness of Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain"; and ranging in manner from the sledge-hammer denunciations of Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry" to the gentle ironies of Sylvia Townsend Warner's "Mr. Fortune's Maggot," these novels dealt with every conceivable subject, exemplified every conceivable technique, and reflected every conceivable state of mind. Hungry presses accepted the most diverse sorts of material and hungry readers eagerly devoured what these presses gave out.

Nor did the numerousness of the works printed and read predispose readers to demand brevity. Miss Townsend's tale was brief but most of the other important works published during the spring made considerable demands upon the peruser's time. "Elmer Gantry" was a substantial book, Francis Brett Young required two volumes for his "Love is Enough"; both the "Tale of Genji" and Romain Rolland's "The Soul Enchanted" have already reached a third volume without yet being complete; and "The Magic Mountain," though published all at once, extends to the prodigious length of four hundred thousand words. In spite of all that may be said of the hurry of the present age, there are obviously many who have time both to read and to write.

But if one turns from such statistics and seeks to discover the meaning of this flood of words one will find it equally difficult to deduce either the Spirit of the Age or any aesthetic creed. While Mr. Lewis reveals both his social passion and his faith in the semi-didactic naturalistic novel, Miss Warner abandons herself to fancy and adopts the tradition which came down from Voltaire to Anatole France; while Donn Byrne writes "Brother Saul" in the facile style of old-fashioned romance, Edwin Muir tells the story of "The Marionette" in the subtle sentences which are the result of his effort to achieve a scrupulous exactitude; and while Anne Douglas Sedgwick upholds the genteel tradition in "The Old Countess," Hanns Ewers pursues the pathological *frisson* through the pages of his grisly "Sorcerer's Apprentice." On the basis of these spring novels it would be possible to seem to prove anything, and hence really possible to prove nothing at all. Every variety of fiction had both its practitioners and its admirers.

Undoubtedly, however, the one work upon the list which stands out above all the others is Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain." It is a massive work which represents several years of labor on the part of a novelist whose fame was already great, and it is worthy of him—but this is not all that can be said of it. Other established writers have recently issued books which sustain their reputations, but none have this year published anything so new and so vital. The extraordinary, almost morbid sensitivity which Mann has before exhibited is here again revealed, and so, too, is the mastery of detail which marked "Buddenbrooks," his other massive novel; but here also it is made evident that his style, beautiful and individual though it was, had not before and probably has not even now completed its evolution. For not since Marcel Proust published the first volume of "A la Récherche du Temps Perdu" has anything appeared in which a new form was so completely mastered.

Mann has come nearer than any other contemporary writer to solving a problem of which innumerable students of contemporary fiction have been acutely aware. Obviously "ideas" cannot be neglected in the writing of modern fiction; they are, as H. G. Wells has argued, quite as much a part of the life of a modern hero as deeds; and yet most people now feel that Mr. Wells and his followers succeeded in introducing "ideas" only by destroying fiction, which became in their hands little more than a sugar-coated treatise supplied with an exordium. Mann, on the other hand, though his novel is concerned with intellectual movements more, perhaps, than it is concerned with anything else, has succeeded in remembering always that his business is with the imagination. In his novel "ideas" appear not so much for themselves as for the moods which they generate, and what one gets is not argument but a diffused sense of the effect which the intellectual atmosphere of their times has upon the characters. "Ideas" are there in plenty, but they are always seen though a temperament and used as the materials of art.

Vast as is its scale one does not get from it the impression of anything unwieldy or sprawling. So perfectly is it proportioned and so completely are all its details held in hand by the author that when one has finished it one seems to have read not one of the longest modern novels but a perfectly rounded conte, since the thing which is left in the mind is an absolutely unified impression. And yet this perfection of execution is achieved in the case of a work planned in a radically new way and intended to accomplish something never accomplished before. Readers of the story called Tristram in the collection entitled "Death in Venice" will find the mood of the book there foreshadowed, but they will get from it alone no conception of the magnitude of the new book nor of the astonishing art which has enabled its author to tell the whole story of the modern mind without violating the unity of the single impression which he creates.

"The Magic Mountain" does not lend itself easily to imitation. It is a creation, not a formula, and very likely it will not, for that very reason, serve as the beginning of a new school. One cannot easily imagine another work of fiction "like it"; but so great is its achievement in an essentially new direction that it will, I fancy, be the most influential as well as the greatest of the season's novels.

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Moral Criticism

By HAVELOCK ELLIS

THE criticism of critics is today an occupation actively pursued. The reason is that there are now so many critics. And there are so many critics because criticism has become the business not only of the few who regard it as a lifelong vocation but of the many who find it the best preparation for their life's vocation, all the ardent young spirits who, in order to find their own place in the world, feel the need to scrutinize searchingly the significant figures imposed on them as leaders.

The volume of "Études," in which Jacques Rivière appeared before the world at the age of twenty-six, is a typical example of this sort. Rivière was not primarily interested in literature; he had set himself to explore the world in general and his own soul in particular (his lately published intimate correspondence with Alain-Fournier, to whom he dedicated the "Études," reveals his aims), but he realized at the outset that to situate himself in the world he must grapple with those figures of his time in literature and painting and music which he instinctively felt to be significant, and his instinct proved right, for all now recognize that significance, even though Rivière himself, when twelve years later, shortly before his early death two years ago, he republished the book, was keenly conscious of its critical inadequacy.

I mention Rivière because it is from him that Mr. Ramon Fernandez claims to proceed.* This does not mean that in any narrow sense he is a disciple. In an introductory In Memoriam (omitted in the translation and rightly, for it comes in rather awkwardly) the author of "Messages" makes clear that the special value of Rivière for those who knew him was as a medium in which each could freely develop his own personality. It would therefore be idle to discuss the relation to Rivière of Mr. Fernandez. He has his own strongly marked personality.

It may not be unreasonable to find to some extent the clue to that personality in heredity and upbringing. Mr. Fernandez was born in Mexico and belongs to a distinguished family, his father having been at one time Mexican Minister to France; his mother is southern French and he was himself taken as a child to France, where he has ever since chiefly lived. We may thus understand his large international outlook and in part—not entirely, for it is mainly temperamental—the influence exerted on him by writers of English origin. Of the ten figures dealt with in this volume five have written in English (Meredith, Newman, Pater, Conrad, and T. S. Eliot); of the others one is German (Freud) and another (Maritain) possesses, as probably Mr. Fernandez would admit, little significance outside France; there remain Stendhal, Balzac, and Proust.

As "Etudes" was Rivière's first book, so "Messages" is the first book of Mr. Fernandez, produced at a less youthful age, and the work of a more mature thinker, indeed one who from the outset, we may be sure, bore the impress of more decisive individuality than the supple and sensitive Rivière, wave-like and diverse; we should expect to find in the man of Spanish race a "convinced individualist," as Mr. Fernandez describes himself, while the Spanish flavor we so often detect in Rivière's native Gascony is but a faint infusion. The title of this book must be read in the favorite English sense; the men here discussed have come to the author with a "message."

That may suggest, and I think rightly, that Mr. Fernandez is fundamentally a moralist, a moralist who appears before us wearing the mask—certainly an excellent mask—of the critic. Naturally, that is not the way he would himself put it. In the admirable introductory essay of the volume, no doubt the most recently written as well as the most notable, Mr. Fernandez sets forth his own conception of his task as being that of a philosophic critic, that is, as he understands it, a critic who is not content to discuss a work of art for its own sake, technical or historical, but to seek out its "spiritual dynamism" and to ascertain what place it is entitled to occupy in the human universe. There is much of subtle and suggestive value throughout the volume, of a "philosophic," or, one might say, philosophically psychological character, especially concerning the relation of an author's work to his "personality," which it is not possible to deal with in a summary review.

But the author's ultimate interests are always less with thought than with activity in the world, and the "spiritual dynamist" is what in common English we call "moralist." He frequently, we note, uses the word "spiritual," a word which some English critics consider meaningless, but he is careful to explain that he means by it "the internal unification of concrete experience." We may compare Mr. Fernandez with the leading English critic of the Victorian age of fifty years ago, with Matthew Arnold and his "Essays in Criticism." There was a vital difference, for Arnold was a master of prose, which Mr. Fernandez at present can scarcely claim to be, but Arnold also set forth "messages," which to him came chiefly from France, as those of Mr. Fernandez chiefly from England, and equally with the Frenchman Arnold would have repelled the idea of being a moralist, though that "joyful sense of creative activity" which for him was the essence of criticism is not far from the "spiritual dynamism" of Mr. Fernandez.

A radical impulse to seek out the motive forces of living is apt to make a searching and ruthless critic, and such Mr. Fernandez often proves himself to be. His essay on the method of Balzac is in this respect characteristic, though it is not of his best. It is partly based on the youthful aprioristic method of starting with arbitrary definitions and classifying in accordance with those definitions. Here there is much fine-spun distinction between the "novel" and the "narrative." It is a method of criticism I can sympathize with, for I recall how in youth I used to maintain precisely the same thesis and even to cite the same work, "Madame Bovary," as the type of the "novel." Such academic exercise is good in youth, but now seems to me supremely indifferent. As one grows older one realizes that to appreciate a work of art the critic must put himself in the situation out of which that work sprang, reproducing to himself the artist's vision of it (that is what the academic critic shrinks from to fall back into mechanical classification), so that when we have grasped the world the artist has created we may judge how far he has succeeded and how far his success has for ourselves any human

* "Messages." By Ramon Fernandez. Translated by Montgomery Belgion. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

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value. We cast aside rigid artificial categories, which is why, as Croce has truly observed, criticism is so much more difficult than is commonly supposed. Here Mr. Fernandez so cruelly analyzes the method of Balzac that we begin to ask ourselves how he accounts to himself for Balzac's fame in the world, until at the last moment he reveals the fine critic he is and concisely sums up what remains significant in the genius of Balzac.

Even more characteristic, and not less searching, is the attitude of Mr. Fernandez toward Proust. There is on the surface an apparent contradiction in his feelings about Proust: on the one hand an immense admiration; on the other a severe critic, eager to deny that he is a "Proustian." But the ambiguity scarcely exists for anyone who has entered into the spirit of Mr. Fernandez. We are here brought to the core of his problem, the problem, as he himself expresses it, of "the spiritual experience of the nineteenth century" and the question of what it furnishes "to assure to human life a better return." The human organism has, even anatomically, a sensory aspect and a motor aspect. On the sensory it reflects the images of the external world, and Proust (I am not here following Mr. Fernandez) stands out as the revealer, in an exquisite degree never before attained, of such sensory images. So keen an attentiveness, so absolute a passivity, could not exist without compensatory defect on the motor side; that is the price to be paid. We do not need to read about Proust's life, or to listen to what Parisian literary scandal (truthfully or not) adds, to accept the necessity of that price. Mr. Fernandez, too, accepts it; but he accepts it with a struggle. His own tendency is so emphatically to the motor side, he is so instinctively a champion of "spiritual dynamism," that Proust at the same moment casts on him a fascinating spell and arouses a fierce revolt. The whole of his essay on Proust is the criticism, acute and just, of Proust's "insufficiency," but we would like to see it more clearly emphasized that that defect was the foundation of Proust's fine quality. Mr. Fernandez relegates to a footnote the suggestion that there was in Proust "a premature fixation of sensibility, an arrest of development." There he is on the right track, and he might more precisely have implicated the invasion of that nervous affliction of asthma at the age of nine which hampered Proust's normal development and furnished the stimulus to his superb abnormal development. But this essay, significant as it is, must not be taken as our author's last word on Proust. In the introduction "Proust's title of glory" is fully recognized, and since the present volume was published, Mr. Fernandez has become editor of the *Cahiers Marcel Proust*, which are to bring together with reverent care even the most minute Proustiana and bear witness to their editor's devotion.

But we may best understand Mr. Fernandez's attitude to Proust when we turn to the essay he entitles The Message of Meredith, whom he reasonably regards as the exact opposite of Proust. It was, I believe, his first published essay, and it lays bare his essential sympathy with those who express the motor side of life and "its spiritual dynamism." Among English readers just at present Meredith is scarcely a prophet; he is either too far or too near, and so proves irritating, while a tendency to romantic rodomontade (I speak for myself and the memory of an attempt made, at the suggestion of a fine critic, to read "Harry Richmond" some thirty years ago) is apt to alienate, for if it is true, as Mr. Fernandez asserts, that "Meredith decapitated romanticism" he left to it a considerable body. Still, it is good for the English reader to have Meredith so clearly and freshly set forth, even with excess of enthusiasm, and to realize that in his constant endeavor to harmonize living activity with intellectual activity, to establish the creative interaction of life and thought, he still has a "message" for the world.

It may seem piquant to the English reader to find Newman placed side by side with Meredith. Whether Meredith would have been amused or indignant at the juxtaposition is uncertain; Newman would doubtless have been painfully hurt. But Mr. Fernandez gives good grounds for his faith. His admiration is here clearly limited; he does not share the beliefs of "this almost medieval priest," but he finds in him something "even uniquely modern." Here are more subtle points to bring out than when Meredith was discussed, but equally germane to the author's conception. Newman appears as an individualist, opposing a narrow and myopic rationalism by a deeper conception of complex elements of personality demanding harmonious persuasion; here is invoked that "Illative Sense" which Newman set forth in the "Grammar of Assent" and regarded as something corresponding to taste in the fine arts, "a personal gift or acquisition" rather than a logical process, a sense which to follow is, as Mr. Fernandez admits, "a perilous path"; but all that he has to say about it remains suggestive.

Regarded as a book, "Messages" seems to have been put together by simply collecting the author's literary essays, long and short, which thus often remain out of proportion alike in length and substance. The short essays come at the end and the last is devoted to Mr. T. S. Eliot, whom, it is pleasant to note, Mr. Fernandez recognizes as "one of the most profound of contemporary critics." He neglects to add that Mr. Eliot is a critic who knows how to write; clear expression means clear thought, though not necessarily deep thought, and there are moments when Mr. Fernandez may possibly be deep but is certainly not clear. But at least he is always vigorous and sincere, a subtle thinker, and robust, if not always delicate, in aesthetic appreciation. Among the literary movements of today he is well fitted to be a leader and guide.

He has found an admirable translator in Mr. Belgion, to whose insight and prompt action we owe this English version so soon after the publication last year of the original. The translation scrupulously follows the original, save where it rather betters it, silently amending slight oversights. Useful footnotes have also been added to explain references that English readers might find obscure. I would myself demur to a few small statements in these notes: Thibaudet is possibly the best of French academic critics but would be flattered to hear that he is "an essayist in the manner of Montaigne"; the paradoxical Maurras is not adequately described as "an avowed atheist" if it is not added that he is also a champion of the Catholic church; Brémond's name is connected with a futile discussion of "pure poetry" but nothing said of his main life-work, the "History of the Religious Sentiment in France." These are trifles. The main point is that we here see adequately presented to the English reader a book which concerns all those who experience the impulse of essential criticism, "a disinterested endeavor," again to revert to an old formula of Matthew Arnold's, "to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world."

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How Beethoven Worked

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

WHAT a magnificent subject Beethoven would be for a thoroughgoing psychoanalysis, and how many sentimental idealizations of him, repeated *ad nauseam* in all the books, such an analysis would explode! Even so able a writer as Mr. Ernest Newman hardly more than scratches the surface.* When the English version of Thayer's biography appeared five years ago, the present writer, reviewing it in an article called The Paradox of Beethoven, pointed out that Beethoven, constantly balked in his relations with the actual world through his lack of any discipline such as could have fitted him to deal with it successfully, was thrown back upon the world of music, wherein discipline had given him mastery and the sense of power. It is interesting to find that this is also Mr. Newman's view. "The only real world for him," he says, "was that of music; it puzzled and fretted him that the world that other men called real did not proceed upon the same lofty and simple principles as that other." And later: "Even the bitterness died out of his hypochondria as he retired more and more within himself, giving up as hopeless the attempt to reconcile the world within him and the world without." Mr. Newman believes that in his last years, giving up as insoluble the riddle of the outer world, Beethoven attained a "spiritual transfiguration," and that "when life ceased to draw its puzzling zigzags across his simple spirit, something of the inner light shone through the rugged, fissured rock that was the outer man." Everyone must agree that this happened who has listened understandingly to the later quartets and sonatas, to the Adagio of the Ninth Symphony, to the Benedictus of the Mass in D. But *how* it happened still remains a mystery.

As one would expect from a writer so well informed, so realistic, and so courageous as Mr. Newman, he gives short shrift to some of the time-honored superstitions about Beethoven. Refreshing is his refusal to accept "Fidelio" with the undiscriminating admiration of those whose musical judgment is affected by their moral edification over the libretto, or to be hypnotized by the humanitarian uplift of the Ode to Joy into ignoring the inferiority of the last movement of the Ninth Symphony to the other three. Enlightening are his reinterpretations of familiar facts of the composer's life in the light of recent psychology. He shows, for instance, that Beethoven's well-known hatred of loose women, far from being the rational and edifying evidence of moral principle it has been considered by superficial sentimentalists, was irrational, hysterical, almost mad—was, in short, a phobia, due to his unconscious association of sexual irregularities with the venereal disease which in his case they had led to, and with the terrible affliction of deafness which that had brought in its train. Such analyzings-out of the automatisms in Beethoven's mind make us sensible of the human struggle of his life, and reduce him from a heroic statue, larger than life size, to a real man, making him more lovable and truly admirable in the process.

The second part of the book, dealing with The Composer, is at once the most valuable and the most unsatisfactory: valuable because it discusses provocatively many curious features of Beethoven's actual creative process; unsatisfactory because it brings these considerations to no definite focus, and even uses its fundamental conceptions inconsistently—taking "unconscious," for instance, sometimes in the bad sense of mechanical or automatic and sometimes in the good sense of broad, free, and profound. One gets no definite ideas from this half of the book, and doubts if the author himself has any; yet it raises no end of fascinating problems, and is one of the most suggestive treatments of the mental processes of a composer.

The first half of it is taken up in showing, by a singularly thorough examination of the slow movements of Beethoven's Sonatas and other works, that he is subject to an "obsession," a figure of three notes rising in the diatonic scale, which flood up from his unconscious whenever he is in earnest mood. The documentation is impressive, but doubts arise. Are not the diatonic scale and the arpeggio the two fundamental melodic paths for all composers, at least through the eighteenth century, and is not rising movement instinctive with all melodists in moods of will, energy, earnestness, just as descending movement is instinctive in moods of melancholy and depression? On the whole, however, the point may be conceded as proved. Mr. Newman's conclusion from it seems to be that Beethoven is greater, more individual, in his fast movements than in his slow ones, that in these, being less alive, he sinks into automatisms, formulae, such as these three-note figures and the like. He is thus using the "unconscious" in its aesthetically bad sense here.

Briefly the argument is that Beethoven began a great movement like the opening Allegro of the Eroica with a general scheme of the whole vaguely in his mind (rather than with definite melodies or themes, as we are told Mozart began) and then proceeded arduously to incarnate this scheme in appropriate themes. What we see in the sketch-books is the condensation into themes, sub-themes, transitions, developments, and so on of the dramatic or architectonic plan which was vaguely in his mind when he began. Here the author is considering the unconscious superior to the conscious. Now there is much to be said for this theory, but also much to be said against it.

The sketches often strikingly justify Mr. Newman's observation that Beethoven "was at first intent, now and then, not so much on hammering out his theme as on fixing proportions, modulation, and so on to his satisfaction; rather than hold up this part of his task in order to settle on the precise notes of a theme he would be content with a rough blocking out of this." Most composers will know by experience the necessity of such subordination of details to general design in a large work, and will sympathize with the comparison to the painter, who will "draw the rough outline of a head in its proper place, and splash in a suggestion of its value in the color scheme, leaving the filling-in of the features to a later time."

All this is not only exciting but highly needed by a generation inclined to neglect structure; yet one wonders whether the independence of structure upon idea cannot be exaggerated. In the nature of things we cannot know from Beethoven's sketch-books just the order in which scheme and theme appeared or alternated in his mind. But one suspects that theme determined scheme nearly or quite as much as scheme theme. "The thought of an end," shrewdly points out John Dewey, "is strictly correlative to perception of means and methods. Only when and as the latter becomes

*"The Unconscious Beethoven." By Ernest Newman. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

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clear during the serial process of execution does the project and guiding aim and plan become evident and articulated. In the full sense of the word, a person becomes aware of what he wants to do and what he is about only when the work is actually complete." Possibly this is overstatement in the opposite direction; but one cannot fancy Beethoven's getting very far with the Eroica, for instance, without the hammer strokes of that E flat major theme to pound his mind to incandescence. Mr. Newman, by the way, who is an incorrigible programmatist, says that the famous conflict of dominant harmony in the violins with tonic harmony in the horn at a highly imaginative moment is unquestionably programmatic, that it has a "symbolic significance." Does not this illustrate the dangers of estimating poetic and literary schemes generally at more than their due importance? Beethoven might have thought of an imaginary conflict, in the abstract, till all was blue, without producing anything worth discussing. But once he had a theme like that, with its insistence on the tonic harmony of E flat, all he had to do, and all he tried to do (as Mr. Newman himself shows from the sketches), was to put it into conflict with dominant harmony to get one of the greatest effects to be anywhere found in music. In short, the conflict was a musical, not a poetic one, and could not arise in his mind until the theme afforded the ground of it.

So even if scheme was more important to Beethoven, so dramatically minded, than it was to the lyrical Mozart (since structure is essential to drama) it is possible that scheme and theme are more reciprocally related than Mr. Newman leads us to suppose. It is possible that they grow up alternatively, or even simultaneously, in the composer's mind, and that neither one of them is entitled to creative priority.

The Wind Beyond Time

By JAMES RORTY

White chips sailing, falling,
White chips flung by happy gamblers, flying, soaring;
I think the laugh of the first gambler was the first sound heard when the world woke in star-bloom from the whirling sleep of chaos and night;
The first Cause and the final Answer—I think the gamblers will be laughing beyond the gates of the last hell and last heaven, casting their chips and laughing.
Troy and Nineveh and Babylon—the cautious walls of cautious men—they made a small death of Time and the Time-fear took them silently.
The grass came and a wind beyond time scattered its seeds—"Too small, too small," cried the grass that grew on Troy, on Nineveh, on Babylon.
Fling your chips, O gamblers, a wind beyond time will carry you through.
Gamblers who won and gamblers who lost, the wind beyond Time is loud with the laughter of gamblers, the wind beyond Time laughs and blows forever.
Fling your chips, O gamblers, laugh when you breed, O mothers, in the wind beyond Time your seed is sown.
Soldiers and sailors, sod-breakers, builders of bridges and dikes and cities, gamblers who win and gamblers who lose,
Fling your chips, O gamblers, a wind beyond Time will carry you through.

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Books

Back to Normalcy

Love Is Enough. By Francis Brett Young. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. $5.

MR. YOUNG'S two-volume elaboration of the simple declarative sentence in his title reflects great credit on the business acuteness of his publisher. The modernistic sympathies which many years ago courageously introduced to the American public the image-breaking figures of Wyndham Lewis, T. S. Eliot, Dorothy Richardson, and Stephen Hudson have now mellowed sufficiently to induce Mr. Knopf to publish in 1927 a novel considerably more Victorian than Thackeray's "Pendennis." There are a hundred indications serving to suggest that the reading public wishes to enjoy a mental rest from the nervous experimentation of the literary left wing. This, let us hope, temporary reaction is inevitable, even physiologically necessary.

To begin with, the author employs the form of "David Copperfield"—the straightforward horizontal structure of the old-fashioned biographical novel which depends for its formal outline on a series of events projected through the medium of a temporal rather than a psychological current. We follow the career of Clare Lydiatt from her early childhood to middle age. So many chapters are devoted to her youth, so many to her first romantic love, so many to her first marriage, so many to her second, and so many to her concluding amorous affair. There is a discreet, possibly enforced halt at the menopause. The ordinary reader's interest is engaged by this simple life-profile because it resembles the superficial aspect of his own and so he is able to make a biographic identification of an elementary sort. It is as if Clare were saying to him, in Browning's phrase: "Grow old along with me."

Corresponding to the Victorian formal simplicity of "Love Is Enough" is a Victorian intellectual simplicity and a Victorian ethical simplicity. There is not a character in the book from the sweet sensitive heroine (a slightly humanized Agnes Wickfield) to her noble and reticent third husband, who has not been met before in some comforable three-decker. The reader does not so much follow the mental reactions of these characters as know them in advance; and in the satisfaction of having his anticipatory judgments confirmed by the omniscient author lies the whole charm and fascination of books of this type. It is James's emotion of recognition all over again. Consequently Mr. Young must avoid any employment of the newer psychology—that is to say, any psychology; for, as Mr. Knopf tells us, this is a book for normal people. Furthermore, the essential idea or prejudice expressed by the title is subjected to no analysis. It seems fairly clear that Clare's misfortunes, her mistakes and conjugal sufferings are all due to her maniacal series of love attachments—first to the church, then to her young animal-husband, Ralph, then to her young animal-son, then to Major Hart. Had she not excluded from her life everything but her fatal susceptibility to romance and idealistic love she would have developed the hardness necessary to round out her life and meet the onsets of tragedy. If there is anything proved by "Love Is Enough," it is that it is not enough at all—that any woman who abandons herself completely to a set of amorous fixations is doomed to the double tragedy of emotional disappointment and intellectual starvation.

Finally the novel reproduces the astounding ethical and emotional simplicity which seemed to have died with Meredith. This story, ostensibly dealing with the life of a woman the mainspring of whose character was an unquestioned (and unquestioning) genius for love, never once, in all its slow length, grapples with the problems posed by the existence of desire. The discreet references to the fact that Clare possesses other organs besides a heart will not discompose a Watch-and-Warder. It is wonderful to see how, in this day and hour, Mr. Young manages to convey a specious impression that he is portraying a woman's life without in the least emphasizing the fact that she is a woman. This is a book for normal people.

It is regrettable that Mr. Young should have yielded so completely to a sterile aesthetic conservatism when he is capable of producing such excellent Conradian romances as "Sea Horses" and "The Black Diamond." Possibly, now that the Victorian virus has attenuated itself in 180,000 nicely chosen words, he will return to the moving and colorful narratives which remain his finest achievement.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

The Measurable World

Exploring the Universe. By Henshaw Ward. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

MR. WARD, as the perspicacious remember, is the author of "Thobbing," that sound and ironical treatise on the thobs which pass for thought in the average brain pan. He now presents us with a view of the universe which modern science has disclosed—from the infinitely small to the inconceivably great; from the electron to the nebula of Andromeda, a million light-years away. Of all the outlines and digests of science, this is far and away the best that I have seen. For two reasons. It is certainly the most readable. And it contains a chapter on the nature of science which is violently exciting. It thus registers at once on the imagination and on the intellect. What is that strange and rare quality which makes a book—or a discussion—intellectually exciting? The most learned and hifalutin doctors and savants, Spengler, Dewey, Whitehead, for all their profound erudition, contain not a trace of it. One plods on, enormously edified, but unmoved save by a sense of duty done. Meanwhile smaller fry from God knows where light mines and rockets in one's mind.

Writing not as a scientist but as a layman, Mr. Ward has an initial advantage over any similar work by a technician. He can approach his data from the point of view of the reader, who is also presumably a layman. The contact is thus close and constant. The bulk of the gentry who use this method, however—we might term them the Sunday Supplement Boys—always abuse it. Their imaginations are fluent but they have no humility before the relentless nature of the facts. The result is usually on a par with one of Mr. Goldberg's machines—without the saving humor. Our author yields to none in imagination—go with him, decreased fifty billion times in size, into a drop of water and inspect an atom—but he has found the elusive line which divides science from moonshine. His fancy always works within the rigorous limits of the provable. Some of his expeditions, it must be confessed, are more happily conceived than others—I was rather seasick climbing about the cells in a twig of a tree—but in all his stories rings the humility of verihood.

The real intellectual excitement comes in Chapter XI, which contains no expeditions into the physical world, but is merely a modest attempt to find out what science is. It is a safe wager that not one out of a million laymen, or one out of ten scientists, has any clear conception. "But nothing in all the realm of modern thought is so novel or so important. . . . Ask yourself which words in the following list are names of science:

Psychology	Philosophy	Astronomy
History	Mathematics	Economics
Theology	Sociology	Ethics

There are just two, astronomy and mathematics. Why? Because the findings of one competent observer can be checked by another competent observer. No conclusion or "law" can be laid down without this preliminary and relentless agreement. A few simple facts in psychology are subject to such verification perhaps, but the bulk of the subject matter is a mighty hair-pulling contest between the behaviorists, the psychoanalysts, the introspectionists, and God knows who. There is no bench mark of common agreement worth the name, and so psychology is

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still a pseudo-science, a matter of opinion, not of quantitative proof. Mr. Watson is pounding on the door, but only time will tell if he has got more than his boot inside. There is little common agreement among the historians, less among the economists and the sociologists, and none at all among the theologians, the philosophers, and the doctors of ethics. But at the splendid body of the provable and measurable knowledge of the astronomers, none, save an idiot, can cast a stone.

In like class with astronomy are physics, chemistry, geology, and, less completely, biology. All the genuine sciences are continuously gaudy with skyrockets of speculation and opinion, but they are frankly known as such; they are hypotheses only, until independent observers have verified the findings, and so incorporated them into the main guard.

A genuine science works without reference to human desires or human passions; its materials are seen uniformly by all workers; it cannot be "overthrown" or "radically revised" every few years; it deals with data susceptible to quantitative measurement. In brief, it does not tell us what we ought to do, or concern itself in any way with duty or with progress.

> Now you see before you the straight and narrow way within which the science of the future has confined itself. Science is now, and must increasingly become, a limited field of endeavor. Its materials are only those forces which can be measured and predicted with precision by all experimenters alike. If there exists in man a free will, a conscience, a power of self-sacrifice, a social mind, these forces are beyond the pale of science. If one of them is ever brought within its pale, it will at that moment be proved mechanical, and the mind will be proved to be more nearly an automaton.

If this quotation does not give you at once enlightenment and pause, you had better go back to Aristotle. From it flashes the terrible two-edged sword of the modern world; that unyielding, tramping body of science which is at once our flaming hope and our black despair. STUART CHASE

Upton Sinclair at His Best

Oil. By Upton Sinclair. Charles and Albert Boni. $2.50.

IT is the misfortune of Upton Sinclair that he became famous during the muck-raking era when *Everybody's* and the *American Magazine* exploited in the form of sensational journalism the brazen inhumanity and the organized iniquities of our industrial civilization. Ever since, the public has associated his name and the character of his work with the ephemeral style of a passing period; whereas both actually belong within the permanent tradition of English literature. What Fielding was to the eighteenth century and Dickens to the nineteenth, Sinclair is to our own; nor is the author of "Oil," "The Jungle," and "The Journal of Arthur Stirling" hopelessly outclassed by these predecessors. While he lacks the irony and imaginative appreciation of the one, and the humor and kindly understanding of the other, he is superior to both in zealous intensity and factual information. This overwhelming knowledge and passionate expression of specific wrongs are more stirring, more interesting, and also more taxing than the cynical censure of Fielding and the sentimental lamentations of Dickens. Where Mr. Sinclair does not deliberately intrude his woe-conscious philosophy and his political propaganda into the action of his story, he achieves narrative that by the standards of both art and life is as great as any work of his masters.

It is, therefore, not too much to say that Mr. Sinclair has no right as an artist to take such liberties with his medium, especially when the action helps neither his thesis nor his story. To say, after 445 pages of skilful exposition: "When they got to Montreal, there was a palatial steamer waiting, with several hundred wage-slaves of various sorts prepared to serve them in return for a few hundred barrels of the stolen oil," is belaboring a point to tediousness; to inject a paragraph of moralizing into the piquant incident of Mrs. Thelma Norman's at-

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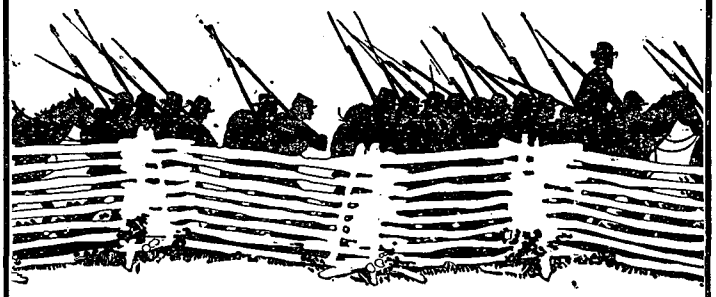

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tempt to be seduced in Bunny's cabin is absurdly priggish; and it is an equally foolish pedantry that inserts the parenthetic and didactic "you see" and "you may remember" which are constantly jerking the reader out of engrossing scenes to observe Mr. Sinclair, ruler in hand, pointing out the roots and exponents of our economic equation.

This may justly be considered carping criticism. For the fact is that in this novel Mr. Sinclair has gone farthest in the direction of unadulterated fiction. As sheer story "Oil" is a tremendous piece of work, even greater in significance as a study of diverse personalities than as a social document; it is a modern "Dombey and Son," but more vigorous, more poignant, and more honest. The author has at last realized the truth of Fielding's observation that "we can censure the action without conceiving any absolute detestation of the person," and hence his captains of industry are no longer the fiendish villains of melodrama but the palpably real figures of contemporary life. They are not merely astutely observed and cleverly portrayed; they are presented with that compassionate understanding, which raises an artist above his creations, and yet with that realistic touch which keeps him on the level of his subject matter.

Unlike "The Jungle" this story is not confined to one industry or to one locality; neither is it limited to any special groups of people. The World War and local politics, national corruption and the movies, a real-estate deal and a religious revival, strikes and spiritualist seances, the "flapper" morality and the Russian Revolution—in short, all of the vulgar hurly-burly of modern life is reflected in these pages. But in the foreground stand Bunny and J. Arnold Ross, his father. In drawing the affectionate yet antagonistic filiation between these two Mr. Sinclair is at his best. He is again concerned with the purely individual relationships that make a masterpiece of "The Journal of Arthur Stirling"; he can again think of the human rather than of the social significance of Bunny's adventures, thus raising the incidents born of his ideals on a par with the experiences which concern his mistresses and vitalizing the whole. Finally these heroes—for the oil-speculator is Mr. Sinclair's hero, too—inspire him to a narrative greater than his thesis instead of the usual tract disguised in fiction form.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

The Art of Disproportion

A History of Caricature. By Bohun Lynch. Little, Brown and Company. $6.50.

MR. LYNCH, with a disconcerting chuckle which is clearly audible, concludes his new book on caricature with the following touching epilogue:

> "Will you not," asks a child of about five as described in certain works of a hundred years ago, "will you not relate to us, dear papa, some history or account of one of the arts which will improve our minds and elevate our thoughts?"
>
> "Indeed, my dear children (for such it is my privilege to call you), I deem it both a pleasure and a duty which I owe to you, to endeavor from time to time to mingle instruction with what I may term entertainment, for your benefit. . . ."

Mr. Lynch's intention in his history is also to mingle instruction with entertainment, although I am quite sure that the sapient papa quoted in the above colloquy would raise his complacent eyebrows in horror at the suggestion that caricature might be a branch of art. He would never stoop to condone the grossness of Rowlandson or Gilray, and as for the caricatures of Max Beerbohm—he would wonder what they were all about!

Innumerable books have been written on comic art and caricature, but, as Mr. Lynch has pointed out in his preface, the term "caricature" has been used almost invariably as a convenient word to cover all comic art. Mr. Lynch endeavors to limit the term to the artist's personal graphic interpretation of individuals. Generally speaking, this eliminates from consideration comic strips, illustrated jokes, and political, polemical, or social "cartoons." Of course there are plenty of instances of true caricature exploited in graphic satires on political or social themes; but Mr. Lynch is not a precisian here, and, indeed, even allows himself a certain personal latitude in regarding as caricature various typifications by Callot and Daumier—although he very justly spurns Du Maurier. He is at some pains then to define caricature and in a most illuminating first chapter brings together a variety of descriptions. The highest art of the caricaturist, he thinks, is suggested by Bergson in "Laughter":

> He [the caricaturist] realizes disproportions and deformations which must have existed in nature as mere inclinations, but which have not succeeded in coming to a head, being held in check by a higher force. This art, which has a touch of the diabolical, raises up the demon who has been overthrown by the angel. Certainly it is an art that exaggerates, and yet the definition would be very far from complete were exaggeration alone alleged to be its aim and object, for there exist caricatures that are more lifelike than portraits, caricatures in which the exaggeration is hardly noticeable, while, inversely, it is quite possible to exaggerate to excess without obtaining real caricature.

Following the opening discussion of The Nature of Caricature is a chapter entitled From the Antique to the Middle Ages, which is succeeded by chapters on Early Secular Caricature, The Caricature of Bigotry, The Eighteenth Century in England, Continental Caricature, The Recent Past, Max Beerbohm, and England and America Today. The early chapters especially are grounded in thorough and painstaking research. The attempt is not to be exhaustive or encyclopedic, but rather through suggestive citations to portray essential tendencies and outstanding figures. There is no mere heaping up and classifying of dry bones; the facts are alive. They are seen by Mr. Lynch in perspective and are colored by the lens of his own very intelligent and at times quizzical scrutiny. The book is illustrated by thirty-three beautiful plates, most of them in collotype. These include—to name a few—the famous "Devils Bagpipes" caricature of Martin Luther, two drawings from "Les Songes Drolatiques de Pantagruel," a series attributed to Rabelais, and amusing caricatures by Leonardo da Vinci, Rowlandson, Gilray, Daumier, Ape, Robert Dighton, Ospovat, Dulac, Kapp, Quiz, Max Beerbohm, André Rouveyre, Covarrubias, and Ralph Barton. In addition to the plates is an excellent bibliography. The volume is dedicated to Max Beerbohm and handsomely bound in gray and lavender—just the dress to delight the quintessential dandyism of Max.

Students of caricature will probably be most interested in the last three or four chapters of the book because of the up-to-date material not to be found in other books, and because of the special relish which Mr. Lynch imparts to his survey of his contemporaries. He devotes an entire chapter to Max Beerbohm, tracing the evolution of his work, analyzing his methods and the manner of his approach to caricature; it is impossible to read this chapter without acquiring a keener appreciation of those qualities in Max's art which make him supreme among the caricaturists of our time. It is gratifying to find in Mr. Lynch's book a sympathetic appraisal of the work of Henry Ospovat, whose work deserves to be better known. His Caruso and Harry Lauder are masterpieces of comic overstatement. Sem, the French caricaturist, is agreeably mentioned, but unfortunately not a single drawing by him is included in the book. His caricatures are remarkable. I recall a sheaf of sketches he made some fifteen years ago in *L'Illustration* representing Count Robert de Montesquiou. Sem had taken at least twenty shots at his victim and each one was a smack in the diaphragm. They moved me to ecstatic and obscene cachinnations. If Mr. Lynch could have reproduced only one tiny drawing by Sem his book would be perfect. However, he does not neglect two men well known in this country—Covarrubias and

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Ralph Barton. There is a reproduction of the young Mexican's admirable caricatures of Mencken and Somerset Maugham, and Mr. Barton's highly diverting sketch of himself being interviewed by a Celebrity-at-large. This book of Mr. Lynch's is an eminently civilized book written by an Englishman for the people of England and America with the modest hope, I am sure, that it will serve as a civilizing influence in both countries.

GLEN MULLIN

All Medieval Life

The Legacy of the Middle Ages. Edited by C. G. Crump and E. F. Jacob. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

English Life in the Middle Ages. By L. F. Salzman. Oxford University Press. $3.

IN the ample atmosphere of such volumes as these that specter of the myriad-minded pamphleteer, over-specialization, seems but the figment of superheated air waves. The specialists themselves have laid the ghost, the phantom of a hundred disordered dreams, by throwing open the windows of the haunted chamber, and the doors, too, to adjoining rooms, flooding all with streams of light and life. Time was, indeed, not so very long ago, when the seeker after truth was forced to grope so darkly in dusky corners that he himself appeared to the unknowing but a faint simulacrum, shadow rather than man. Among the many, too, who taxed the scholar with blinking owlishly in his rare glimpses of broad sunshine, the contrast between his professed love of the gleam and his twilight existence aroused scornful laughter that echoes still in the face of all fact. He has stultified his critics by virtue of that very quality in which he was deemed deficient, clearness of vision, which has enabled him to detect all the relations and connections and dependencies of his subject, and hence to portray it in its proper perspective. He has advanced unfalteringly from microscopic observation of minute particles to large and legitimate conclusions, and yet farther to the linking of his generalizations with those of scholars in other fields, until his range has become encyclopedic. In the books before us, epitomes of many investigations, all medieval life solicits us.

To tell the varied story of "The Legacy of the Middle Ages" the editors have summoned nearly a score of experts, admirably qualified by lifelong labors for the necessary selection and summary. Stern restraint is needed to bring together infinite riches in a little room; and intense concentration and compression sometimes make too severe demands on the reader's attention. The divisions of the subject are most judicious: first, the things of the mind and spirit, the Christian life, art, literature, philosophy, and education; secondly, that "most fundamental and characteristic of medieval bequests," law; and finally, the fabric of society and government. Everywhere the voice of authority is dominant, whether it speaks of sculpture through Paul Vitry, director of the Louvre; of literature through Claude Jenkins, Lambeth librarian, and Cesare Foligno, professor in Oxford; or of canon law through Gabriel Le Bras of the University of Strasbourg. We trace the development of handwriting, majuscule, minuscule, Gothic script, under the guidance of so good a paleographer as E. A. Lowe of Oxford or contrast the conditions of social life past and present as that vivid scholar, Eileen Power of the University of London, unconsciously explodes even as she expounds the cherished medieval theory of the essential inferiority of women. Here is the swan song of Paul Vinogradoff, his last professional utterance on "Customary Law," which the great jurist did not live to see in proof. One adopted American is in the notable company, Norman Gras of Minnesota, who in a comprehensive chapter portrays the economic activity of towns. There are inevitable omissions. Medieval science, which has recently received large attention among us, is reserved, as it should be, for another volume; and art is perforce denied its due meed of attention. Restriction of space often fetters free movement. But perspec-

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tive and proportion are so justly observed that the wonted discrepancy in the work of several hands is seldom apparent.

"The Legacy of the Middle Ages" does not belie its title. Its informing and increasing purpose glows in the thesis of continuity between past and present. The fields of France are still laid out on the old plan. The American fundamentalist is the spiritual descendant of St. Bernard, and the conflict between order and freedom is waged now as in earlier days. The legal system of the Roman church is almost untouched by time. Minuscule and Gothic scripts still survive and serve, and "The Imitation of Christ" is on many shelves. Private banks flourished in medieval cities and wars were carried on then as now with the help of loans in other lands. The medieval craft guilds have bequeathed ideals of "service," the catchword of our Rotarians. Sometimes we chase a tradition in the spirit of servile imitation. The more we copy Gothic and other forms of architecture the less we catch their inspiration, for "they dreamt not of a perishable home who thus could build." Sometimes evil persists rather than good, making "medieval" a term of reproach. The dogma of the subjection of women lingered long after Burke mourned the passing of the age of chivalry.

L. F. Salzman in his attractive textbook, "English Life in the Middle Ages," does not bring his potent authorities with him to speak for themselves, but has them constantly at his back. Through wide reading of the texts that he cites in modernized form and of the collectors and commentators whose aid he acknowledges, he has fashioned agreeable chapters on life in the country, in town, and in the home, on church and school, on literature, art, and science, on war, law, and trade, on women and wayfaring. In each of these divisions abundant material, much of it accessible in other publications, has been selected and digested. The story is told simply, lucidly, vividly, and in the main accurately, though here and there, as in the section on literature, occur negligences and ignorances. The volume, which is well bound, well printed, and well indexed, will prove a refreshing companion to the student of English history or letters. The author modestly points to the hundred and more illustrations, taken from medieval sources, as "in some ways the most valuable part of the whole book."

FREDERICK TUPPER

Are Artists People?

Roman Summer. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. $2.

INTERMITTENTLY the question is raised: Can the artist function freely in America? The cynic might be tempted to interject: too freely—particularly in fiction! But the problem is not to be disposed of thus lightly. Mr. Lewisohn, who has at various times contributed to the symposium, now comes forward with a novel in which the question is put to a laboratory test. He takes John Austin, a small-town newspaper man who successfully hides in himself the making of a Sherwood Anderson, places him in a typical Middle Western town, trains on him a battery of typical American middle-class repressions, and by the way of complication inflicts upon him an incurable craving for Horace and Catullus. Near by he plants, as cunning decoys, "a spuriously Roman state capitol" and a row of Lombardy poplars—and we're off.

Judging by the aesthetic fascination which American machinery exerts upon our art colonies in Paris, Berlin, and Rome, one would think that Columbus, Ohio, was just the place to compose verses in the classic manner. But John is too unsophisticated to understand that. A long struggle ensues between his weakness for Corinthian columns and the deeper unconscious interest which he has (so we are assured) in the pageant of American life. In which his weakness proves the stronger, and John packs his trunk and gets off at Rome, determined to write a play on the life of Catullus. In Rome, John finds himself as constricted. He is advised to visit the Forum, to try the Coliseum by moonlight, and various other cathartics, but his muse remains obdurate. Until he stumbles upon a young lady by the name of Esther Azancot, a dark, passionate Jewess with a past, who talks as if she had stepped out of one of Disraeli's romances. One can easily understand how our befuddled Latin scholar is smitten by this Zionist sibyl, but what she sees in his colorless soul to rouse her to such rhetorical heights is a mystery. Nevertheless she returns his love, but unlike her Moabite kinswoman she feels that his people are not her people, nor his god her god, and therefore flatly rejects his honorable offers. Whereat John returns to America, a sadder and wiser man, and takes it to his bosom in the shape of Louise Derflinger of Sandusky, Ohio. And the fadeout shows him reconciled to sanitary plumbing and threatening to write "quite a long novel of the rise and downfall of an American family of the lower middle class."

Apparently we thus arrive at a Q. E. D. But the question still recurs: Can one write a Middle Western novel in Sandusky, Ohio, or does one have to go to Rome first for perspective? And still another question is forced upon one after reading this tediously elaborated romance of the intimate relations of a novelist and his muse. A question pertinent to much of our fiction. Are artists people? In other words, can they and their problem be profitably exploited in fiction as if they were full-blooded human beings? I doubt it. Artists are creatures whose emotions are disproportionately drawn into one highly artificial channel, leaving them psychologically sterile. The union between the artist as author and the artist as hero is apt to result in anemic offspring. Particularly in America. They may order things differently in Europe; and there may be at large there artists emotionally rich enough to remain interesting as individuals after the artist is duly subtracted. But so far as the American breed is concerned, its life is quite adequately recorded in the publisher's notes which are so charmingly woven together in the gossip shops of our literary reviews.

ALTER BRODY

From Giotto to Van Gogh

Art Epochs and Their Leaders. By Oscar Hagen. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

THIS book brings to mind some things that are not in it; reasons why the reviewer finds it so nourishing in a world of unnourishing books, and reasons why he finds its publication of both artistic and educational import. One meets so many art lovers, not alone outside the walls but intramurally, who are fearful lest a little knowledge will impair their sensibilities. It must be evident to any reader that the author's acquisition of historical detail, and through it his unusual power of surveyance, have only served to increase his passionate regard for art. Without the cloying method of Faure, the god of the appreciators, Mr. Hagen has communicated to a textbook, written primarily for his own students, though its format and its philosophy will recommend it to layman and art librarian, this passion.

Mr. Hagen's book reveals constantly that highest standard of enjoyment, and therefore of criticism, which is held by a man who regards the artistic horizon of his own age with an eye long rested on the mountains of the past. With such important material to work upon, and with that gift, alas how rare among teachers, of reconstructing for his audience civilizations passed out from under hand, it is impossible that the book should not be fruitful alike to those who approach it with little or no knowledge of art history and to those who approach it with other than the author's prejudices. But it has in addition that curious charm of diction found in books not written in the writer's native tongue. This is Mr. Hagen's first book in English; he has written eight in German, perhaps the most important of which is his study of Grünewald. His German sense for word construction carries over in his style, but as often happens in such a situation, noble words that have long since lost

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heir ranking to us by excess of familiarity are given again heir first estate.

The situation which brought forth this book, really under urricular pressure, gives extrinsic interest to it. Mr. Hagen vas first obtained by the University of Wisconsin as exchange rofessor from Göttingen, where, in addition to his lecturing duies, he had instigated and carried through the now annual evival of Handel opera. There was such a hungry response at Madison that Mr. Hagen was offered the chair permanently, vith results rich, amusing, and hard to forecast. The lightheaded co-ed powdered her nose before each new Annunciation nd wriggled into her coat as she was shown the Pietás, but by he rigors of his scholastic tradition the lecturer dealt a body low to the drifting appreciators, who in examination confessed, ailing all other subject of confession, that they "could stand peechless before this picture forever." But some twenty out of very three hundred, to whom art had previously meant Maxield Parrish on a fraternity wall, greeted the German as rophet, bearing revelation to them of an unsuspected expresion and perhaps end of life. For these people he wrote his ook, throwing it into the really pitiful dearth of analytical art istories in English. Miss Gardner's recent book, of fine and encyclopedic value, was written with an entirely different purpose, for t covers in almost documentary detail the entire field of art. Mr. Hagen covers only the centuries from Giotto to Van Gogh, that s, the modern European tradition. To be sure, this is an embarrassing field, but he has made no pretense of panning the gold —only of laying bare the richest veins: the elaborate fifteenth entury; the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, apotheosized Buonarotti, Dürer, and Rembrandt; the curiously sterile and t not philosophically phenomenal eighteenth century; the nineteenth, which repeats in small the lessons of the past in the primitive David, the classical Ingres, the baroque Delacroix; and its climax of impressionism and expressionism.

To such people as still find the university the most exciting of social gatherings, each augury of a new period of its life is thrilling. The Middle West is vigorously given over to letters. It both writes and reads them, for struggle begets ideas. But for the plastic and pictorial arts in which example and tradition seem to precede the revelation, it has, save in the centers, not known the alphabet.

CLINCH CALKINS

Tar Lyrics

The Book of Navy Songs. Collected and Edited by The Trident Society of the United States Naval Academy. Arranged and harmonized by Joseph W. Crosley. Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.50.

THIS official collection, well printed and superbly illustrated, contains over a hundred of the songs sung in the Navy or at Annapolis, arranged for solo voice and piano. Many, in spite of nautical and unfamiliar texts, prove at the piano to be old standbys of the college and "home" song-books. Many, on the other hand, are rarer, while a number are printed for the first time. They are classified as historical songs and ballads, celebrating notable engagements, personages, and events, the latter including the abolition of the grog ration; songs of the wardroom (the officers' messroom and lounge); songs and shanties of the fo'c's'le (the corresponding gathering-place of the men); an interesting series of songs of the landing-parties which go into detail as to what the sailors thought of the Philippines; finally, the songs one hears at the Army game.

The texts of the songs are a disappointment. The bowdlerization of good songs is the most ungrateful of tasks, since the more conscientiously it is performed the more viciously insipid is the result: and no one may assert that whoever was responsible for the credit line "Tune, *Famous* King of England" (italics mine) over two of the airs in this collection was not conscientious. An almost equally serious fault is the crudity of the musical settings; such may be the rule in the college compila-

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tions, but the auspices under which this volume appears were calculated to excite hope for arrangements which would do justice to the tunes. As it is, they appear at a heavy disadvantage, yet it is well that they should have been brought together, even in this form, for general circulation. It is particularly interesting to find how many songs, supposedly lubbers, are doing active sea duty under aliases; the truth is that any living tune is a jack of all trades. One can give, perhaps, its latest version, but never its last. Finding "Tarpaulin Jacket," for instance, in these pages, I can record a variant which, ten years ago on the flying fields was current among men who had never heard its original. So far as I know, it has never seen print; then let it be preserved in the files of *The Nation:*

A handsome young airman lay dying,
And as on the airdrome he lay,
To mechanics who 'round him came sighing
These last parting words did he say:

"Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,
The connecting-rod out of my brain,
The crank-shaft out of my backbone,
And assemble the engine again!"

ABBE NILES

Gissing the Reticent

Letters of George Gissing. Edited by Algernon C. and Ellen Gissing. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

GEORGE GISSING might well be called the Lord Jim of the world of letters; all his life he seems to have lived with the morbid consciousness of lost honor. We know some of the facts that contributed to this state of mind. Mr. Morley Roberts in his veiled biography of Gissing, "The Private Life of Henry Maitland," goes into the unfortunate incident of theft at Owens College, his first two disastrous marriages, his ill health, his struggles with poverty and with social adjustment. These facts and Gissing's own final comments about his life in "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft"—together with the real difficulty of getting precise information about the man—have served to build up a Gissing legend. Most people who read Gissing enjoy this legend; some would like to substitute for it an account more founded on fact. Every bit of evidence about Gissing is valuable if it helps to illuminate his career and what he calls his "private misfortunes and miseries."

Unfortunately these letters do not answer many of the questions. And one suspects that even if the editors had not omitted and expurgated, the letters still might be very unsatisfactory. For by some quirk Gissing could not in his correspondence be self-revelatory. There is a reticence about his personal life that is often morbidly evasive. In this volume one meets the same barrier one does in turning to Hawthorne's "Journals" for answers to questions about Hawthorne's personal life. Throughout Gissing's letters the feeling of unhappiness deepens, and one hopes that the man will try at least to come to some understanding of his problems. Instead of any analysis of personal difficulties, there are letters filled with moralizing about social questions, about art; chiefly, in later years, letters in which the man's despair is escaped from in long and formal descriptions of landscape.

To talk about himself Gissing needed the merciful veil of fiction. No novelist is more autobiographical. And it is after all to his fiction one must turn to get at the facts of his life. Godwin Peak, in "Born in Exile," gives much more Gissing autobiography than is to be found in all these letters. And Edwin Reardon, in "New Grub Street," fighting (to write the novels he believes in) against serious ill health, poverty, and the naggings of an incompatible wife, explains what Gissing means when he writes to his brother in 1896: "My public progress is terribly balanced by my private misfortunes and miseries."

Yet this volume of letters is important. It is full of

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hronological details about the author's external life. It can e used as a guide-book to the novels; and thus the reader will e helped to significant speculation about the life of this writer who so clearly made fiction the instrument with which to exorise the torturing apparitions of his own anguish.

ANGUS BURRELL

Novels in Brief

The Cross. By Sigrid Undset. Translated by Charles Archer. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

In "The Cross" Sigrid Undset completes her noble and nemorable trilogy of medieval Norway. In the novel there has been nothing since "War and Peace" to compare with the "Kristin Lavransdatter" sequence; but unlike "War and Peace" the Norwegian epic is not done on the grand scale. You see Norway through the soul of Kristin and her husband; and their domestic life centers the action in intimate scenes rather than in a sweep of historical catastrophes. In the final volume Kristin meets loneliness and age, the hostility of peasants, and the ravages of the plague; and triumphs by the force of her character.

Black April. By Julia Peterkin. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

Hitherto Mrs. Peterkin has been known as the author of "Green Thursday," a book of sketches of Negro life on a South Carolina plantation. Her novel is a well-rounded canvas of that same milieu. It is certainly the finest work produced thus far dealing with the American Negro. It should do more good than a dozen sociological tracts to facilitate a sympathetic understanding between the races, and its vigorous simplicity makes it deserving of a place among the world's best folk-tales.

The Return of Don Quixote. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

Mr. Chesterton should write more novels. His Father Brown is the only really original detective since Sherlock Holmes, except possibly for H. C. Bailey's Dr. Fortune. His "Club of Queer Trades" is a delight; and "The Man Who Was Thursday" a fantastic wonder. Now in "The Return of Don Quixote" he returns more or less to his old manner; and in the story of a rebirth of chivalry in England exhibits much of his old sorcery.

The Blatchington Tangle. By G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. The Macmillan Company. $2.

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Music

The Bach Festival

THE Festival of the Bach Choir at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, this year was the occasion of the twenty-first performance of the great Mass in B Minor under the leadership of Dr. J. Fred Wolle. The chief works sung the first day were the six motets. It is not clear that the copyist's designation upon the known manuscripts reflects Bach's own use of this term; and indeed one has hardly denominated a class by calling the six works "Bach's Motets." Only one, "Praise Ye the Lord, All Ye Heathen," the shortest, for four voices, is in any way connected in form with the classical Catholic motet. Most of them, such as "Jesu, Priceless Treasure," are hardly distinguishable from the great group of Bach's cantatas: three stanzas of a hymn are presented as four-part chorales, interspersed with three- and five-part sections quite free and dramatic in form. The greatest, "Sing Ye to the Lord a New-Made Song," which Dr. Wolle has performed many times, is a majestic work for double chorus —eight voices—beginning with a prelude of stirring antiphonal exhortation, leading to a joyful fugue which increases in power and scope till all eight parts are swept into it, pausing in a poignant responsive supplication, culminating in a great fugue in which the two choruses join as one. Again, while four of the motets were written for church performance, two seem to have been composed as funeral odes. It was difficult, accordingly, even after considerable study, to give a satisfactory answer to the question generally asked at Bethlehem: Just what a motet?

Friday's concerts began with some distressingly flat singing; and the beautiful alto air at the end of the Mass, the "Agnus Dei," was dragged unmercifully. I never heard Dr. Wolle conduct the "Agnus Dei" in this painful fashion before, and I rather believe that he will not do it again. Such distortion (for which he is frequently blamed in high musical quarters) is a perversion due, I take it, to two of his principles: first, his eagerness to give the pulse of life to Bach's measures; second, his search for new interpretations and his unwillingness to repeat himself even after twenty years. Dr. Wolle's first position seems to me entirely justified, for his changes of tempo, if unorthodox, contribute frequently to his most stirring effects. The second principle is a life principle, and criticism is pointless. Dr. Wolle is the kind of man who, I suppose, will experiment as long as he lives.

If one admits these deviations, is the supporter of the Bethlehem Choir then guilty of accepting enthusiasm and earnestness of purpose as a substitute for sound artistry? This would be a serious indictment; but I do not believe it lies. In the first place, the lapses are few; so that I should in any event be prepared to maintain that technically few choruses approach this choir. And the lapses are due largely to the terrific demands which Dr. Wolle makes upon his singers.

But beyond this it seems to me that any group which can make of Bach's music so profound a spiritual experience must be sound artistically. These concerts raise their audience to that plane of feeling where the aesthetic and religious responses come almost together. And though the singing may have begun flatly, I feel confident that for most of the eleven hundred hearers the two days of music provided that katharsis which, according to Aristotle, is the function of all tragedy. If I am right, I think every legitimate demand in the name of art is met by the performances at Bethlehem.

Between the various motets the choir sang some of the chorale preludes for organ, of which Busoni has made several more generally known by his piano transcriptions. One of these, "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme," only fifty-two measures long, has always seemed to me, in the pure beauty of its musical line, one of the finest flowerings of Bach's genius. There are more than a hundred of these little preludes: one guesses that

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as organist at Arnstadt, Cöthen, Weimar, and Leipzig, Bach must have improvised hundreds more which were never put on paper. My own question is why, with an organ in the Packer Memorial Church, Dr. Wolle caused these preludes to be played upon a piano; and why, in all these works, Dr. Wolle has discarded the knotty, rich-flavored Lutheran texts, with their figures as rich as Dürer woodcuts, in favor of the flat Victorian translations of the Reverend Mr. Troutbeck. Certainly the Bach Choir ought to have no trouble with the originals.

CHARLES S. ASCHER

Drama

The Paradox of Gilbert

THOUGH less generally familiar than most of the other Gilbert and Sullivan operas, "Ruddigore" (Cosmopolitan Theater) is completely typical. Ostensibly a satire on a species of melodrama still popular when it was written but now happily extinct, it is actually more like the other works of the invincible pair than it is like anything else. The coy heroine, abandoned in infancy upon a door-step with nothing except a change of linen and the book of etiquette which has become her guide through life; the hero, condemned by a witch's curse to commit one atrocious crime every day in spite of a natural tenderness of conscience which leads him to compensate for his morning atrocity by a universal benevolence during the rest of the day; and the honest British tar, whose determination to follow the dictates of his heart makes him a horrible bore to the rest of the company, who are compelled to respect the purity of his motives even though this heart of his seems to have a way of looking out only for its own interests—all these are characters as perfectly consistent with the traditions of the Gilbertian world as they are inconsistent with any other. That world is not lawless and hence it is not, in any ultimate sense, fantastic, for it has a psychology, a system of mores, and a set of probabilities which belong exclusively to it. Once one has entered it completely it comes to have a verisimilitude of its own; that the wicked baronet, after he has been released from his obligations, should immediately assume the gaiters and shovel hat which are the outward signs of blameless piety seems not only possible but positively likely; and when one of the other characters remarks: "You have no idea what a bad opinion I have of myself—nor how little it is deserved" one recognizes him immediately as an authentic denizen of this world.

So much may be said for the consistency which makes these operas a thing apart. But no critic, so far as I know, has ever resolved the other Gilbertian paradox and satisfactorily explained to us how it happens that his satire can be at once so virulent and so innocuous. "Ruddigore," like most of the other operas, gibes at every important feature of the Victorian ideology. Duty, innocent maidenhood, British superiority, patriotism, and the flag are mercilessly mocked; every sentiment dear to torydom and respectability is outrageously parodied and every intellectual conviction is carried to some *reductio ad absurdum*. Yet if one happens to cherish any one of these idols it seems to go unscathed. So far as I know, Victoria herself did not resent Gilbert's mockery, and certainly Victorians accepted him as one of themselves, just as aesthetes (at least modern ones) admire "Patience" quite as much as Philistines do. Some sort of complete detachment from reality seems to rob the satire of its sting, and this detachment was not the result of any mere jester's guile assumed by the author in order that he might be permitted to have his fling at tabooed institutions. On the contrary, Gilbert himself was respectable and tory. Fundamentally he revered the conventions he mocked, and he was a Victorian Englishman in spite of all he apparently did to make both the adjective and the noun ridiculous.

Perhaps, indeed, the fantastic imagination which made him so delightful was the result of an inward conflict. To say

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hings in a manner extravagantly humorous is often to involve hem in an ambiguity which serves to disarm not only others ut, if need be, oneself as well. One can hardly doubt, for example, that when Mark Twain made the highly characteristic emark: "Wagner's music is not as bad as it sounds," the form f the expression was conditioned by the fact that Clemens imself was torn, as he usually was, between the plain American's distrust of everything high-brow and an uneasy fear that e was not quite up to appreciating the best. The joke may ie in either direction you prefer, and the technique of the humor esults in the fact that the humorist is saved from the necesity of committing himself. Nor is it impossible that Gilertian fantasy was generated in a manner not dissimilar and hat it performed a not dissimilar function. His intellect varred with his prejudices and neither won. In fantasies exravagant enough to pass the censor as mere harmless foolery e expressed the criticism which he could not bring himself to xpress in less ambiguous form, and thus he became a great umorist in order that he need not be forced to the uncomortable necessity of abandoning the prejudices of his class. Under the circumstances it will hardly do to wish that he had been more consistent or, if one desires to take up the position of the moralist, that he had had a greater integrity of character. Granted it he might have been an earnest satirist, useful o his time but heavy handed and obvious for us; without it he became a humorist whose charm is perennial.

No complaint is more commonly heard among theatergoers than that which is concerned with the comparative paucity of Gilbert and Sullivan revivals; but the truth is that they not easy to do successfully, as the present instance will ndicate. It is highly enjoyable as any moderately competent performance of "Ruddigore" is bound to be, but it is not, except in the part played by the seasoned William Danforth, all that one could wish. Violet Carlson, as Rose Maybud, has an adequate though distinctly metallic voice, but her manner is that appropriate rather to the current tradition of Broadway musical comedy than to Gilbert and Sullivan; and Alexander Clark, as Robin Oakapple, simply lacks the breath necessary to complete the execution of his obviously sound intentions. These operas require a combined sprightliness of humor, virtuosity of voice, and agility of limb that is all but superhuman. Danforth comes about as near to it as is humanly possible, but as for the rest we are compelled to make the best of what mere competence can give. Yet, withal, even that makes "Ruddigore" delightful enough. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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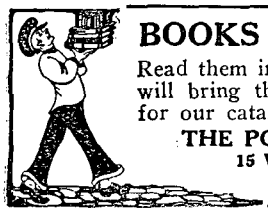

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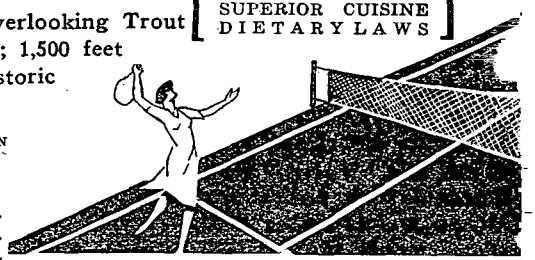

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